

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

SEPTEMBER 18, 1937

WHO'S WHO

CARDINAL FAULHABER looms up grandly and ruggedly as the greatest protagonist in Germany for the preservation of Divine and human rights against the assaults of the Nazi dictatorship. No voice has vibrated throughout the world as has his, none has been so undaunted in demanding social and individual justice for every German. The sermon printed in our columns this week was delivered on July 4. It was never published in Germany, but so profound was the impression created by it in Munich and throughout Germany that the manuscript was secured by some auditors and smuggled out of Germany. Two weeks ago, the original German text was issued by *Der Deutsche*, published in Poland. The messenger who presented the German manuscript to AMERICA declares that the discovery of it on his person by Nazi officials would have brought about imprisonment and serious reprisals. Father Mayer, whose condemnation has evoked such a eulogy and such a courageous statement of principle, is still in prison. German patriot that he is, he was condemned to six months' imprisonment because he dared to preach the word of God in a Church. . . . HILAIRE BELLOC, historian and contemporary internationalist, concludes his that's that about the Catholic Church in the United States. . . . EILEEN DUGGAN ranks first among New Zealand poets, and is listed among the highest-highs of contemporary Catholic poets. Confer AMERICA, May 29, for Alfred Barrett's keen criticism of her poetry. . . . MAURICE C. FIELDS, gifted young Negro poet, was graduated from Brooklyn College and is now engaged in advanced studies in literature.

THIS WEEK

COMMENT	554
GENERAL ARTICLES	
Chowderhead Cohen Shakes His Fist at C. I. O. Paul L. Blakely	556
The Church in America as Viewed by Belloc Hilaire Belloc	558
A Time to Keep Silence and a Time to Speak Michael Cardinal Faulhaber	559
WITH SCRIP AND STAFF.... John LaFarge	563
EDITORIALS	564
Labor Legislation . . . Communist Organizers. . . "IT" . . . Unfair Practices in Public Education . . . The Snarl at Ambridge . . . Prestige or War? . . . The Church of Sinners.	
CHRONICLE	567
CORRESPONDENCE	569
LITERATURE AND ARTS	
Must an Artist Starve Himself to Fame? Maurice C. Fields	570
POETRY	572
Climax..... Eileen Duggan	
More Variations on a Minor Theme J. G. E. Hopkins	
After This, Our Exile..... Leonard Feeney	
BOOKS.....REVIEWED BY	573
Spain: A Tragic Journey..... Thomas J. Feeney	
Three Typical Beliefs..... Thomas H. Moore	
Richard Cockburn MacLaurin..... H. M. Brock	
The Recovery Problem in the United States Arthur Falvey	
THEATRE..... Elizabeth Jordan	575
FILMS..... Thomas J. Fitzmorris	576
EVENTS..... The Parader	576

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COMMENT

WANING vacation days bring the latest pronouncements of our hardy scientists. The perennial problem of the construction of life is revived in news of the first architectural plan of the protein molecule, the latter described in the news accounts as nature's most intricate labyrinth of living matter. The chief chemical constituents of this molecule have been known for some time; it remained for Dr. Dorothy Wrinch of Oxford, a noted mathematician, to direct attention to their arrangement and configuration in space. The materials were known, but the building made of them was a mystery. And enough mystery still survives, we daresay. In the same assembly at Nottingham of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, Professor Gray, eminent (of course, so are they all) zoologist enumerated four types of activities of fish, some undoubtedly so and others either exaggerated or overdrawn, then pontifically concluded: "As far as I can form a judgment, these four types of behavior include most, if not all, of the activities of the human race." And then with a truly chivalric spirit he informs poor dolts, like ourselves, "neither the body nor the mind of man has come spontaneously into existence." What a jolt! Finally Julian Huxley, not to be outdone in the way of surprises, hies us to the barnyard to produce lasting results in eugenics. Monogamy will survive but under new conditions, the wife's children will not necessarily be those of her husband, while her husband's, if he be a blooded type, will be not only his wife's if she, too, be of blooded stock, but also those of any other man's wife as well. It is not a triangle we here reach, but quaternions and calculus.

"GUESTIMATING" the number of unemployed, especially in the valley of the depression, has given employment to many minds interested in garnering or publishing statistics on labor, depression curves, national buying power, Government relief aid and kindred affairs. During the depths of the depression, when unemployment was at its peak, several large organizations like the National Industrial Conference Board and the American Federation of Labor supplied figures for public consumption. But their information was in reality a guess. Consequently, so some argued, mountainous appropriations of tax-gathered money for relief of the unemployed were made on guess work. And needless to say, guesses differed by millions. Fairly accurate figures were available on the corn crop, or the volume of railroad traffic, or the value of industrial output. But the quantity of idle men was measured by the rough rule of thumb. At long last and under pressure the President signed the Byrnes resolution which provides for census-taking of a sort. Since no

compulsory count will be taken but only a voluntary registration of the jobless (which is far less expensive), we cannot be sure the number in the books will equal the number in the streets. However, having nothing to lose and with some hope of landing a job by being registered as out of work, the unemployed will most probably flock to the postoffices and contribute their names and plight to the census rolls. Even if only approximate in numbers, we should learn some useful knowledge about seasonal employment, regional needs for labor, relatively distressed areas, the absolute minimum of unemployed and sundry other intelligence on labor problems. We don't lose when we take the count.

CRIME record better since repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, is the story carried by our dailies. This conclusion is the result of a survey of governmental reports on crime since the repeal of Prohibition as conducted by the Distilled Spirits Institute and released on Labor Day. The survey disclosed that crime had decreased since repeal and that the record of the five States still dry was worse in respect to major crimes than that of any adjoining State. Citing the records of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, the institute showed a decrease in major crimes for the whole country of 112,000 cases in 1936 as compared with the previous year. The tabulation of major crimes reveals the fact that every year of the last three years of prohibition had a larger record of murder and robbery than the highest of any of the first three of repeal. The better showing of wet over adjoining dry States was really not enough to lull anyone to complacency. While there is always the personal element to be considered in comparing statistics, no matter how carefully compiled, a reduction of crime is to be expected. But this is not enough and should by no means be used by the distillers to lapse into self satisfaction. There are many immoral practices, short of murder and robbery, prevalent since repeal and until these greatly diminish and their causes are removed, such figures as the above will leave many friends of repeal lukewarm to the drink industry.

RELIEF appeals for Spain have, for the most part, discredited their sponsors. Honest and charitable Americans have been dropping coins into tin boxes, been signing checks for large sums, been contributing at mass-meetings, lectures, fairs and fiestas under the impression that their money would be used for the innocent babes and the distressed mothers and the wounded soldiers of Spain. The report of the State Department on Spanish Relief Organizations is sadly revealing. Since May 1 last,

\$139,198.40 has been sent to Spain; since then, \$124,986.97 has been spent in the United States for management and propaganda; \$133,006.44 of the total collected still remains in this country. The largest collector, the Medical Bureau to Aid Spanish Democracy, pledging itself solely to assist Loyalist Spain, forwarded \$58,753.87 for wounded and diseased combatants, but used \$31,252.68 for publicity and administration. The North American Committee, also concerned wholly with Loyalist Spain, advanced \$18,841.12 for Communist aid in Spain but expended \$35,366.97 for its own purposes in the United States. The American Committee for Spanish Relief, from which AMERICA withdrew its approbation and support on May 29, ran up expenses to \$25,793.72, but was unable to make any disbursements for Spanish relief.

ONLY two Catholic collecting agencies are registered by the State Department, that of the Brooklyn *Tablet*, conducted by its Managing Editor, Patrick F. Scanlan, and that of the AMERICA Spanish Relief Fund. Organized last January, the *Tablet* Spanish Relief has an enviable record for charity and efficiency. Already it has sent Spain \$27,192.03, and is ready to deliver \$11,593.87. It has contracted no expenses for management or propaganda. The AMERICA Spanish Relief Fund, begun in May, announcing itself solely through the pages of AMERICA, has collected \$6,077.74, has forwarded to Cardinal Goma \$2,000.00 for the orphans and children of Bilbao, and will forward the remaining amount during the present month for the children of Santander and the northern provinces. The expenses have been restricted to the essential amount, for postage and secretarial help, of \$391.64, most of which was specially contributed for that purpose. The conclusion is clear: the generosity of the American public, with the exception of those who have given to the two Catholic relief funds, has been utilized to an egregious extent for administrative and propagandistic purposes in the United States.

THE NATIONAL Conference of Catholic Charities, held this year at St. Paul, closed with three striking pronouncements ringing in the ears of the delegates. The Holy Father, through Cardinal Pacelli, congratulated the Catholic Charities Conference and the Saint Vincent de Paul Society for their devoted activity and zealous charitable works for the poor and suffering. Rt. Rev. Msgr. Joseph M. Corrigan, who spoke at the concluding banquet, told the delegates "to carry the power of love to the difficult lives of those you serve, that you do all in your power to remedy injustice and heal the wounds it has made, even while you so are proving to all nations that social justice is in itself only true and full when it is made vital by the power and sweetness of the love that is charity." And Archbishop Murray, concluding on the same note, said: "It is only when there is charity in the life of the parish that the Church expects to have any kind of living faith, and only when charity and liv-

ing faith combine to develop the life of the parish will you have genuine piety. I emphasize this that we may readjust our attitude towards charity. Think of it not as an extra-curricular activity conducted by volunteers but as a work in which we and every other Christian should be actively engaged." Rt. Rev. Msgr. Thomas O'Dwyer, Los Angeles, was elected president of the Conference.

NOW that General Haskell has spoken, no longer will armories of the National Guard be brightened by bingo, screeno and other sprightly games of chance. Brilliant careers in regimental organizing are cut short. Opportunities for speculative talents are henceforth wasted. Friends of the militia no longer can show their enthusiasm for the national defense by buying chances at a reduction. Chromium bookstands and aluminum toasters must be purchased prosaically over the counter; while the fair goddess Fortune is ignominiously piped out of camp. After the weeping and gnashing of teeth have subsided, however, a few muffled cheers will be heard issuing from khaki-covered chests applauding the General for his timely action. Some other chests, covered not by khaki but by black cloth, may even be found to join the chorus, and express a wonder if a little touch of military discipline might not be of benefit to the bingo situation in the parish hall as well as in the armory. Some of the evils denounced by General Haskell would be eliminated from this bingo business when it flourishes so luxuriantly under ecclesiastical auspices.

CHAPELS on wheels are not a novelty. The chapel-car has already an honorable history in home-mission work in the United States, and England has its Catholic motor-chapel van. The trailer, however, which the Rev. James F. Cunningham, C.S.P., has recently fitted out for the Paulist Fathers' mission work in Tennessee is primarily a trailer, and not just a chapel on wheels. It is a chapel only when the priest is at its collapsible altar saying Mass. The general plan is that of a portable stateroom, such as a chaplain might inhabit on a ship, in which are packed away arrangements for a temporary altar at one end and microscopic kitchen at the other. Another distinctive feature about the interior is that so many of its furnishings, especially for the Mass, were made by individual craftsmen, such as the ingeniously designed polished wooden candlesticks, each with a little projection for holding the altar cards, the specially fitted cards, the Cross, the top of the altar, etc.—minutiae which count greatly in the long run. The Liturgical Arts Society was particularly interested in this little job since it showed that things liturgical could be made attractively and efficiently yet economically, without recourse to the usual sources of supply. Total cost of the trailer was \$5,500, which includes Ford automobile to draw it, all furnishings, sound motion-picture equipment, electric generator, loud-speaker equipment from the illuminated rear platform and several other neat devices.

CHOWDERHEAD COHEN SHAKES HIS FIST AT THE C.I.O.

But Mr. Lewis himself has some Chowderheads

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

SOME years ago the bench of an important court in New York was occupied by a gentleman whose manner often tortured the souls of learned counsel offering argument. From time to time this judge would interrupt them in words of silken courtesy. His charge to the jury would be couched in phrases that fairly dripped impartial justice. That would be your conclusion as you read the printed record.

But not if you heard him. It is one thing to read: "If you can credit the testimony of this defendant, your verdict will be not guilty." It is quite another to listen to a series of judicial roars, grunts, innuendoes, and calculated inflections. "IF" (a pause, followed by a glare at the defendant) "you *can* CREDIT" (in tones expressive of incredulity and contempt) "the testimony" (and the words were pregnant with belief that all of it was perjured) "of this DEFENDANT" (with a second and more ferocious glare at the now cowering defendant) "your verdict will be not guilty" (and you will thereby lower yourselves to the level of this undoubtedly perjured felon).

The justices of the Appellate Division heard none of this. They had only the printed record before them. It was sometimes difficult for counsel to convince them that the remarks of their learned brother in the court below conveyed one sense in type and the opposite sense when spoken.

As I listened to the address of President John L. Lewis, of the C.I.O., broadcast from Washington on the night of September 3, my mind went back to this deluding judge of years ago. Heard over the radio in an address of half an hour, Mr. Lewis seemed to be twelve minutes constructive leader and eighteen minutes demagogue. Reading his address on the following morning, I was almost inclined to reverse these proportions.

Better than any public speaker I have heard, Mr. Lewis knows the force of a pause, an inflection, an omission; the sting of the scandalous accusation made with child-like innocence, the hurt of a biting phrase chosen after apparent hesitation. Let us analyze an example or two.

Mr. Lewis did not say that Mayor Kelly of Chicago habitually indulged in the murder of C.I.O. workers. He did not say that the Mayor, whenever he wanted another slice of Federal pie, would go

out and slaughter half a dozen C.I.O. members, and thereafter present these credentials to President Roosevelt. But listening to Mr. Lewis, you saw the Mayor depositing his bag of bloody trophies, like some Igorrote headhunter, at the feet of the President, and you heard him remark: "You and I know, Mr. President, that for every dead body of a C.I.O. man I am entitled to another share of Federal patronage. Today I present nine." Mr. Lewis said nothing of the kind. After a vivid description of what he styled the murders in Chicago, he added this picture:

Shortly after Kelly's police force in Chicago had indulged in their bloody orgy Kelly came to Washington, looking for political patronage. That patronage was forthcoming, and Kelly must believe that the killing of the strikers is no liability in partisan politics.

Nor is it probable that Governor Davey, of Ohio, telephones the independent steel companies every morning before breakfast for instructions. I can hardly believe that when the Mahoning valley flamed with riot, the Governor demanded a new subsidy from President Roosevelt to aid him in killing another group of C.I.O. strikers, and in putting their families in the alms-house.

Again, Mr. Lewis made neither of these accusations. He merely said that "Davey"—and it is difficult to describe the contempt with which the name was uttered—was a "steel puppet" whose troops, supported by Federal subsidies, had "murdered unarmed men," and had never been "publicly rebuked by any authoritative officer of the State or Federal Government." Mr. Lewis insinuates his charges, and his remarkable oratory supplies all the force of a studied accusation supported by evidence.

All this, I admit, is an insinuation, or, rather, a statement of my own impression of Mr. Lewis's remarkable address. It seems to me, consequently, that it is in Mr. Lewis's power to become one of the greatest demagogues in all history. The man has brains. The constructive part of his address is evidence, if any be needed, of his intellectual power. But that great weapon of the demagogue, the oratorical magic that can sway a crowd now to flaming wrath and now to tears, is his in full measure. He has power, then, but what principles balance and direct it? What *are* his principles?

Frankly I do not know. I doubt if Mr. Lewis himself knows. It seems to me that up to the present he has chosen methods because they work, not because they can be based on tenable principles. He is a pragmatist, not a philosopher. Like some others in high place at the moment it may be that he elects his principles for this day and train only. Much of the sound and fury in his address was staged to cover, it seemed to me, the orator's doubt of himself.

Despite the set-back in the Mahoning valley, the C.I.O. is a powerful organization and, as far as the public knows, Mr. Lewis is its real as well as its titular head. In one year it has grown from a small group to a membership of 3,718,000. Eleven unions with 2,765,000 members have been organized in the textile, auto, garment, lumber, rubber, electrical manufacturing, power, steel, coal, and transport industries. These figures, are taken from Mr. Lewis's address, represent an achievement of which he may be proud. One year ago, who would have thought that by the summer of 1937 Mr. Lewis could say: "In the steel industry, the corporations generally have accepted collective bargaining and negotiated wage agreements with the Committee for Industrial Organization"? Eighty-five per cent of the steel industry is organized, and written wage-contracts have been negotiated with 399 steel companies, affecting 510,000 men.

At the moment, the impetus back of the C.I.O. shows no signs of slowing down. Mr. Lewis has a mighty army with well-filled coffers at his back. But in that army every Leftist organization has its regiment. Can Mr. Lewis control this host, or will it control him?

I think the answer depends very largely on the answer to another question. Does Mr. Lewis want to be a demagogue dabbling in politics, or will he be content to teach the C.I.O. the wisdom of close adherence to the constructive policy which he outlined in his address of September 3?

Labor does not seek industrial strife. It wants peace, but a peace with justice. . . . Most of the conflicts which have occurred have been when labor's right to live has been challenged and denied. If there is to be peace in our industrial life, let the employer recognize his obligation to his employes, at least to the degree set forth in the existing statutes.

The chief aims of the C.I.O. are thus described:

Its objectives today are those it had in the beginning: to strive for the unionization of our unorganized millions of workers, and for the acceptance of collective bargaining as a recognized American institution.

It seeks peace with the industrial world. It seeks cooperation and mutuality of effort with the agricultural population. It would avoid strikes. It would have its rights determined under the law by peaceful negotiations and contract relationships that are supposed to characterize American commercial life.

Until an aroused public opinion demands that employers accept that rule, labor has no recourse but to surrender its rights, or to struggle for their realization with its own economic power.

And, finally:

Unionization, as opposed to Communism, presupposes the relation of employment; it is based

upon the wage system, and it recognizes fully and unreservedly the institution of private property and the right to investment profit. It is upon the fuller development of collective bargaining, the wider expansion of the labor movement, the increased influence of labor in our national councils, that the perpetuity of our democratic institutions must largely depend.

To these objectives, no exception can be taken. The C.I.O. leader all but echoes a position taken by this Review many years ago, when referring to recalcitrant and reactionary employers, he said: "The real breeders of discontent, and alien doctrines of government, and philosophies subversive of good citizenship, are such as these who take the law into their own hands." But for some months, not so much the objectives of the C.I.O. as its methods have been under fire.

Mr. Lewis leaves the picture unfortunately incomplete. Rather, he distorts it when he seems to say that, like the early Christians, the C.I.O. unions have been a flock of innocent men, submitting meekly and in silence to Kellys, Daveys, snoops, finks, hatchet-gangs, Chowderhead Cohens, and similar persons skilled "in the arts of brutality and oppression." The C.I.O. unions have a few Chowderheads themselves (in addition to Harry Bridges), and if Mr. Lewis has ever rebuked them, he did it in a wee small voice, most unlike his roarings before the microphone.

But Mr. Lewis's seeming indifference to violence is not the sole disturbing factor in the present situation. Is the C.I.O. to be guided according to the objectives set forth on September 3, or will it evolve into a political party?

As a protector for labor's rights, there is little choice between the capitalist and the politician. Mr. Lewis admitted that his political alliances and ventures had not been uniformly successful, but he thinks that larger doses of the same drug will improve the patient. His reference to President Roosevelt's supposed attitude was clearly stated when he said: "It ill behooves one who has supped at labor's table, and who has been sheltered in labor's house, to curse with equal fervor and fine impartiality both labor and its adversaries, when they become locked in deadly embrace." Evidently, Mr. Lewis thinks that the C.I.O.'s contribution of half a million to Mr. Roosevelt's campaign fund was a poor investment. That subsidy is water over the dam that never turned a wheel of labor's mill.

But will the next, whether in money or votes, pay a heavier return? Labor and politics seem to mix even less readily than riches and religion.

I wish Mr. Lewis would sit down and think things out. He has originated and carried to remarkable success the only practicable plans for organizing the heavy industries, and his objectives are beyond reproach. But demagoguery will not further them, nor will participation in partisan politics, and condonation of violence by the C.I.O. will ruin them. His address of September 3 told us where he was, and how he got there, but not his ultimate goal and the road on which he will travel to it. Mr. Lewis did not tell us, because, I think, he does not know.

THE CHURCH IN AMERICA AS VIEWED BY BELLOC

A second article, estimating the possibilities

HILAIRE BELLOC

HOW does the future of Catholicism in America appear to be shaping? Let us look at the facts. Immigration, the constant source hitherto of Catholic increase, has been cut down from the wide torrential river which it was before the Great War to an insignificant trickle. Mere numerical increase of the Catholic body in the United States for the future can only come from either a higher birth-rate or from conversion, or both.

As to a higher birth-rate, *a priori* one might expect this to be a considerable factor in Catholic increase; but only the future will show whether in point of fact the superior Catholic birth-rate will tell heavily. It must be remembered also that the very fact that the discipline and cohesion is so strict tends to make the indifferent or the discontented man alienate himself from his family tradition. Still, taking it all round, it is presumable that the mere numerical increase of Catholics will in the near future continue to be appreciable, from the religious insistence upon family life.

As to converts, so far the numbers are not there, any more than they are here, sufficient to be of great and immediate effect. But it is to be remembered that in America, even more than in Europe, and certainly more than in England, the rapid breakdown of all other philosophies except the Catholic may make for a big movement towards Catholicism, not by individual conversions, but by mass conversions; it is a factor to be watched in the future. This applies, of course, not only to America but to the whole world. Probably within the lifetime of young men now under thirty, you will see the white world divided into Catholic and anti-Catholic, with the anti-Catholic known for his anti-Catholicism and not for any particular sect or proclaimed beliefs. It is difficult to imagine that in such a situation the tendency to conversions on a great scale can be checked. As it is, the Catholic Church is everywhere becoming the sole champion of certain parts of traditional morality which numbers of people who have never associated the idea with Catholicism desire to preserve. One has only to mention the private property of the small man, the authority of the family and the permanence of marriage to see the truth of this.

There is another factor, apart from the numeri-

cal factor, which may make for the expansion of Catholicism in the States during the next lifetime. That is the economic factor.

It is a sad thing to have to say it, for it is not flattering to human nature, but it is a truth, that the influence of wealth in every department of human effort, religion not excluded, is overwhelming. A body in which there are very few rich people is, number for number, hopelessly outweighed by a body in which there is a large proportion of rich people. Now in the old days the proportion of large fortunes among Catholics in the United States was very small. Even the proportion of moderate professional fortunes was small compared with the total number of Catholics. The reason was obvious. The old proprietors of the soil and the old commercial fortunes had been founded under conditions almost entirely non-Catholic. Indeed, America was the only great white country the past of which contained no Catholic memories to speak of. But the immigrant, especially the Irishman, enriched himself as time went on, Catholics appeared more and more among the successful in the great professions and, perhaps, to a lesser degree in commerce.

Today, comparing one's experience with that of the first days in which I knew America, nearly fifty years ago, the increased weight of Catholic wealth, not only collectively but in the shape of private fortunes, is very striking. If one could strike a curve, as one can in some simple social matters, one might predict with firm confidence a steadily increasing influence for America in numbers and in social force generally, until with the absence of any other positive philosophy to oppose her the Church there might triumph.

But there is a powerful consideration on the other side to make us pause before we come to such a conclusion.

The American national tradition as a whole is opposed to the Catholic culture. No matter how much the doctrinal force of the original American Protestantism decays the old feeling that Catholicism is alien survives, in spite of that decay.

The feeling is not at all like the feeling here in England, where the whole of the national history since the Cecils led the great social revolution three

and one half centuries ago, treats Catholicism not only as something foreign but as something hostile. All our official teaching in school and college, our fiction, our press, is full of that conception. Our national heroes are the anti-Catholic figures, and the chief Catholic figures in European history during the last three hundred years stand out as the enemies of England. There is nothing of that in the United States, but there are a number of deeply rooted national traditions which appear strongly in local feeling, connecting the American spirit with non-Catholic or anti-Catholic ideas.

A very good example of the way in which the traditional idea and the actual modern circumstances clash is to be found in the city of Boston. What the exact figures are I do not know and, perhaps, they are not obtainable. But it is evident to any traveler who keeps his eyes open that the proportion of Catholics in Boston and its outliers is

very high. At a guess I should say it was a considerable majority, and remember that the Catholic population there as everywhere in America holds together. But when you say "Boston" or "the Boston spirit" nothing of this appears. To hear men speak, especially men who are active in the town and who are proud of it, one might imagine Boston to be a mainly Unitarian city, or at any rate one wholly colored by a non-Catholic and even anti-Catholic inheritance.

The proportion of all these factors differs from one great center to another. But everywhere in the great American cities, especially of the North, there is something of the same situation: the Church very strong financially and numerically, and still somewhat increasing, perhaps about to increase rapidly in a new generation; but tradition, national and local, still attached to the old days before Catholics were either wealthy or numerous.

A TIME TO KEEP SILENCE AND A TIME TO SPEAK (*Eccles. iii, 7*)

Sermon delivered before the Men's Sodality, Munich

MICHAEL CARDINAL FAULHABER

CATHOLIC MEN! I have interrupted my Confirmation tour. Although I am fatigued from a dedication ceremony lasting nearly five hours at the Church of the Holy Rosary in Rosenheim-Fürstätt, I have returned to Munich to be with the men of the Sodality at their principal meeting. It is the first time that Father Rupert Mayer, the Director of the Sodality, is not standing in this pulpit. I am using this first solemn occasion in order to declare publicly with what dismay and indignation, with what bitterness Catholic men of Munich learned of the arrest of Father Rupert Mayer on June 5, and how heavily the continuation of his arrest burdens the Catholic people. "There is a time to speak."

Father Rupert Mayer, a priest of the Society of Jesus, went to the war as a man in full health. He risked his life a thousand times in service as an army chaplain in order to bring the consolations of our holy religion to his brethren in the trenches. He received a severe wound under barrage fire and came back home from the field of battle as a man physically broken. He has now received the thanks of his native land.

As the laymen's apostle of Munich, Father Rupert Mayer raised aloft the virile and heroic traits of Christianity. He pointed the way from the Faith to a life according to Faith. He continually urged his men to give to the State what is of the State, and to give to God and the Church what is of God and the Church; but he utterly rejected all quacks and counterfeits in religious matters—combating Communism and explaining a just order.

Father Rupert Mayer was a character of the stamp of Saint John the Baptist who told the truth to the very face of the great ones of the earth. Long since he could have been free if he had been willing to pledge himself in writing not to preach any more outside of Munich, but being the man he was he could not be false to the Catholic principle. "The word of God is not bound." (II Tim. ii, 9.) He stated: "I cannot sign such a declaration," and remained in prison.

The Sodalities of the Blessed Virgin which felt themselves affected by the arrest of Father Rupert Mayer, obedient to my directions, have maintained their discipline, and I thank them for it. Through

my chancellery I requested you that, with all your veneration and enthusiasm for your director, with all your grief over his arrest, you should refrain from manifestations on the public street. Demonstrations in the former sense of the word are now no longer in order. We could afford no greater satisfaction to the State police than to give them the occasion through such demonstrations to proceed with rubber hose and arrests, with censures and dismissals against the hated Catholics, who are now more hated and persecuted than the Bolsheviks. You acted according to the mind of Father Rupert Mayer in maintaining your discipline and not letting yourself be carried away to false words and deeds. There is a time to keep silence.

My dear Catholic men, you will also maintain discipline in the future! Promise your Bishop in your own minds at this very moment that during my address and during sermons in general, you will indulge in no interruptions and will in no way indicate your approval or your indignation. We do not wish to forget that we are in a church. But you will certainly pray for our director in person. You will assist at the evening devotions here in St. Michael's according to a fixed order of services and you will take part in today's meeting as a prayer in this sense. It is the time to speak for God. In doing that we shall keep three great intentions in our prayers: first, that Father Rupert Mayer may preserve his mental poise and self-control. It is not easy when you have led so active a life—he preached three and four times every Sunday—suddenly to be plunged into a lonely retreat; and many a man goes to pieces mentally in the tomb-like stillness of the prison. Second, that the time of his visitation may be shortened and that the door of his prison may soon be opened. We now understand why the Church prays on Good Friday that "the Lord may open the doors of the prisons." Third, that God's Providence may even here bring good out of evil.

As Bishop, even before the arrest of Father Rupert Mayer, I raised a protest on May 31 with the Minister of the Reich for Ecclesiastical Affairs against the prohibition of preaching with which he was threatened on May 28. This application to the Church Ministerium was naturally rejected and the prohibition of preaching was not raised. For this reason I turn today to the Catholic men of Munich. There is a time to keep silence and a time to speak.

On June 9, that is to say a few days after the arrest, my chancellor, with my approval, directed a carefully reasoned protest against the arrest to the Reich Minister of the Interior, to the Foreign Office, to the Minister of Church Affairs, to the Secret State Police in Munich, to the Reich Governor of Bavaria, and to the Bavarian Prime Minister. In this protest it is stated:

"Father Rupert Mayer has really no need to seek any proof of his patriotic sentiments. His exemplary activity during the War and in the combat against revolution in 1918 drew from all quarters recognition of his severe wounds, his innumerable patriotic speeches at post-war military celebrations, his fearless battle against Communism and Marxism in hundreds of assemblages—one of these in

company with the Fuehrer. The recognition that the Fuehrer himself extended to him in his own handwriting on the twenty-fifth jubilee of his priesthood is sufficient proof. Everywhere he appeared, whether in the trenches or in the field hospital or in the pulpit or on the speaker's platform, he proved himself to be a pastor of souls of unusual power, as an irresistible apostle of men, as a stimulator of courage and a sense of duty, as a firm custodian of religion, morals, authority and devotion to country, of order and public spirit."

And this German man who wore the KI like the Fuehrer, who appeared shoulder to shoulder with the Fuehrer in his battle against the Communists in Munich, who received a testimonial of esteem from the Fuehrer in his own handwriting is now immured behind prison walls. Happily, we have the sermon in writing which Father Mayer preached to you, my dear Sodalists, on May 23 in this pulpit. You are witnesses how he then said literally: "We should never let ourselves hesitate in our loyalty to the State. We reject every type of self-help in a revolutionary sense." This man today stands under the accusation of being an enemy of the State.

They will say that Father Rupert Mayer brought politics into the pulpit. How often he showed the hollowness of this lying catchword of political Catholicism! The Fuehrer explains in his book, and does so repeatedly, that he has no desire to be a religious reformer and he still stands by his word. But there are other powerful agencies at work which are making a second Reformation out of the political movement which, in contradiction to the Fuehrer's word, wishes to root up Christianity and every profession of Christianity from German soil. Against these Father Rupert Mayer wielded the sword of the spirit, as the word of God is called in the Epistle to the Ephesians. The Fuehrer himself declared: "Christianity was bound up for a thousand years with the German people. This fact one cannot just simply deny." And I add, things which have been so intimately rooted and grown together for a thousand years as Christianity and the German people cannot be torn apart without leaving deep wounds on both sides. Anyone, therefore, who defends the doctrinal and moral teaching of Christianity in the life of the people has performed a service to society and the State. Even from this point of view the activity of Father Rupert Mayer was a patriotic, not merely a religious and ecclesiastical, activity.

As Bishop I make the following *fundamental declaration* concerning the arrest of Father Mayer:

The State has no right to prevent a clergyman from preaching within his own church when this clergyman fulfils the requirements of the Concordat and has received from his Bishop (if he is a Religious from his Religious Superiors) the commission to preach. Preaching is an essential part of the care of souls, but the care of souls is a purely ecclesiastical affair. In the Concordat of the Reich, Article XXXII it is stated: "Clergymen shall engage in no activities of party politics." The Government of the Reich and the Vatican came to the

following agreement on this point: "That the conduct required of clergymen and Religious of Germany in execution of Article XXXII does not mean any restriction of their obligatory declaration and explanation of the dogmatic and moral teachings and principles of the Church." The State, therefore, has no right to forbid preaching to a clergyman to whom the Bishop has given a commission to preach, nor to arrest him if he does preach.

In this instance, an episode in the Acts of the Apostles is to the point. In Chapter iv, 5 you may read that as the Apostles were thrown into prison for the first time for announcing the word of God, the Council of the Jews, so says the book of Acts, assembled. They were brought before the Council and they were asked by what authority and in whose name had they done this? And the Apostles answered: "In the name of Jesus of Nazareth whom you put to death upon the Cross but whom God hath raised from the dead." Then the Council forbade them to preach or to teach any more the name of Jesus. But the Apostles answered: "If it be just in the sight of God to hear you rather than God, judge ye." When they were free they continued preaching, but were arrested again, brought before the High Council and again were made to hear: "Commanding we command you that you should not teach in this name." But Peter and the Apostles answering said: "We ought to obey God rather than man." With the arrest of Father Rupert Mayer, my dear men, an episode of the Acts of the Apostles has again occurred, an episode of primitive Christianity.

Last Wednesday, June 30, I visited Father Rupert Mayer at Stadelheim—thanks to the kindness of the court officials and naturally under the same conditions which affected all permissions for visiting in the prison. So it was under the condition that an official should be present at the interview and that the interview should last only ten minutes. (If only the visits in my house could all keep to this nice domestic arrangement at Stadelheim!) With this visit I wished to tell our dear director that the Bishop and the Catholic men and the Catholic people in Munich had not forgotten him.

Father Rupert Mayer is physically and spiritually in good condition. Even in prison a good conscience makes a soft pillow. He has a cell for himself alone, a relatively large and spacious room which also serves as infirmary lighted by two upper windows and simply furnished like the cell of the prophet. (IV Kings iv, 10.) Father Mayer endures his involuntary furlough with that iron determination with which, during the war, he marched with his soldiers through the barrage fire. He bears this time of silence with that physical calm with which on the Eastern front he lay on the operation table while they amputated his leg. He even observed with some humor, laughing heartily while saying it, that he hasn't taken any walks for twenty-five years such as he makes every day in the house of contemplation, and that in his freedom he never enjoyed such a well arranged time for study as he now has in prison.

I mention this today so as to put an end to sense-

less rumors. The rumor that he was brought to Coblenz and other rumors have not been instigated by the golden heart of the people of Munich but by brazen tongues. After my visit to Stadelheim, I wrote to Father Rupert Mayer's eighty-three-year old mother to reassure her.

Catholic men, besides the personal there is also a super-personal significance in the arrest of Father Rupert Mayer. This arrest is a sign that the Kulturkampf for the annihilation of the Catholic Church in Germany has entered a new phase. The decision is at hand. The Son of Man has taken His flail in hand to winnow the wheat from the chaff. The fiery beacons flame and one of these fiery beacons is the arrest of our Munich laymen's apostle.

In the great speech at Fürstenfeldbruck, the arrest of Father Rupert Mayer was associated with the entire ecclesiastical political situation of today. It was said there: "I am grieved to note that there is still a force and a power which exerts a disturbing influence in our popular life. This power is the churches." Do we hear aright? This power is not the Free Masons, not the Communists, not the Bolsheviks. This last power inimical to the State which must still be struck down is the churches. These are "the only ones" which do not fit into the social community. Like a fiery signal beacon this word has told us where we stand. Not long hence Bolshevism was called public enemy number one. Do we hear anything more today about this public enemy? At least, now we have some light on the subject.

Without going into all details of the speech at Fürstenfeldbruck I am making only these short observations, since I myself was challenged in that speech. There was talk there of the contributions of the State to the Church and of the salaries of the Bishops. We often heard of that in the Marxian papers and in the Communist press. The only thing lacking was that this speech gave no exact indication of the salaries of the Ministers and the sums at their disposition. We need have no doubt that the question which was raised there—the question of salaries and expenditures—will be carried on further in wide popular circles and especially workmen's circles. In this speech, which was planned to inflame the people against the Church, we fail to find anything said about the fact that these contributions of the Bavarian State to the Catholic Church and the salaries of the Bishop in accordance with the Concordat are only a part payment of that which the Bavarian State in the process of secularization took away.

If the Bavarian State were to give back to the Church the grounds and buildings and woodlands of which it robbed the Church through the process of secularization, we should gladly renounce all State contributions and all salaries.

The speech at Fürstenfeldbruck made a pious reference to the equality of mankind before God and before the law. Is there any man who will claim that the principle of equality is observed today in public judicial procedures concerning the misdemeanors of spiritual personages as compared with members of the Party, that the rebuttal of

attacks against Christian confessions will receive the same publicity as the attacks themselves?

My dear Catholic men, the fiery beacon flames. Week after week the vilest insults and calumnies appear in writing and in pictured form in German newspapers and periodicals attacking the Catholic Bishops, the dogmas and institutions of the Church, without our having the least possibility of stigmatizing falsehood as falsehood through the radio, the correspondence bureau, or even by means of the religious press. We are bound in conscience to respect the authority of the State, yet we are forced to experience the quiet indifference of this same authority when week after week it shows its contempt for the authority of the Church and treads it in the mire. There are speeches and articles which are practically, as far as their psychological effect, a challenge to a bloody extermination of the Roman "enemies of the people" and "enemies of the State." One paper went so far as to charge the Bishops one and all with high treason. The Corpus Christi procession, this public and purely religious profession of the most tenderly intimate mystery of our Faith, is represented as a demonstration of enmity to the State. The *Durchbruch* published in Munich this year inflammatory articles concerning the holding of the Corpus Christi procession and in proof it reproduced two pictures which originated at an earlier time and were mendaciously published as photographs of the Corpus Christi procession this year.

Yesterday, I received a letter from Holland in distorted handwriting in which the boundary and postal police called my attention to a collaboration between Catholicism and Jewish Bolshevism and a conspiracy with Catholic seditious murderers. "We received with great interest," says this disgraceful letter, "the oral report of Father Egidius. . . . We will inform you by letter concerning the next steps to be taken by the Jewish-German Union. The poison which you desire, which if used in small doses brings, at the very least, insanity, we will have no trouble in getting for you from India. However, we are unanimous in advising you not to make use of the poison. We can get rid of ——— in Berlin as it is. . . . Moreover, a resolute man has placed himself at our service who cares no longer for anything in this vale of tears. Our common plan will and must succeed." It is signed with an awkwardly drawn Soviet star. The counterfeit stares out of every line and yet there are people living among us who hold such criminal insanity to be possible.

For this reason I call the arrest of Father Rupert Mayer a fiery beacon of the time. When he was forbidden to speak in assemblages outside the church he obeyed this prohibition. I state this explicitly: he spoke no more in non-religious assemblages. But when he was forbidden to preach in church he could not in conscience obey this command. There is a time to keep silence and a time to speak. One must obey God rather than man.

In Government circles there was great indignation that the arrest of Father Rupert Mayer was announced in foreign newspapers and that my let-

ter to the Church Ministry was mentioned there. As a matter of principle I give no information to foreign periodicals and only just recently I refused to answer a telephone inquiry from London, and other such attempts. Nevertheless, I cannot suppress my great astonishment when I hear that there is more indignation over foreign announcements of undeniable facts than there is over the facts themselves, in our instance, over the arrest of Father Rupert Mayer. The Gospel calls this straining at gnats and swallowing camels. The news about Father Rupert Mayer could not have been given to any foreign country by the ecclesiastical authorities of Munich since it contains incorrect features which every citizen of Munich must recognize as incorrect, such as the announcement of the Strasbourg radio that Father Mayer was released from imprisonment. The imprisonment on June 5 was discussed in lively manner in Munich. The diocesan authorities announced from the pulpits of Munich that everything was being done from the ecclesiastical side to obtain the freedom of Father Rupert Mayer, and that I had sent a letter to the Government of the Reich. The diocesan authorities made this announcement in order to restrain the embittered people from demonstrations on the street and from taking reckless steps. The correspondent of the foreign papers in Munich would have to be blind and deaf if he had heard nothing of all these things.

Catholic men, in this sanguinary and serious situation we must deeply grasp the mystery of the Cross. There is a law and a mystery in the Kingdom of God: the Church at all times must bear the marks of the Wounds of her Divine Master, and it is precisely from these Wounds that she is recognized as the Mystical Body of the Lord, as the true Church of Christ. We should not be mistaken in this Church, if we see our Mother the Church bearing in company with her Divine Founder the robe of mockery, the crown of thorns and the Cross, and if we also are obliged to make personal sacrifices for our Faith.

When the signal fires flame,
When the hour calls for men,
Then they grow only on the Cross.

The hour of decision is come. The question is placed to each single person: Are you *Gottgläubig* or do you profess Christ and His Church? In this new form of religious census, *Gottgläubig* no longer has the earlier meaning of the first article of the Creed. *Gottgläubig* means today: I believe only in God just as the Turks and Hottentots believe in God (*Gottgläubig*). I renounce Christ and His Church. Whoever designates himself as *Gottgläubig* has thereby betrayed Christ and declared his apostasy from the Catholic Church.

The hour of decision has come. So that if the individual is asked: "Are you *Gottgläubig* or what are you?" then the time has come to speak and to make one's profession without *ifs* and *buts*, without hesitation and compromise. Then every Catholic is obliged to declare boldly and even in writing if it is demanded: "I am a Catholic, I not only believe in God, I believe in Christ and my Church!"

WITH SCRIP AND STAFF

THE KEY TO FREEDOM

AT the recent Institute of Human Relations in Williamstown, I doubt if there was a person, including the writer, who was not convinced that democracy, as our fathers conceived it, as our nation is dedicated to it, is a very precious thing. Christians and Jews, Catholics and non-Catholics, conservatives, radicals and moderates, who took part in an admirably planned gathering, believed that they were enjoying democracy, that they wished to preserve democracy, and realized that it entailed heavy sacrifices. But they were far from agreeing as to the sacrifices required.

In the opening discussions of the Institute, two widely differing victims were implicitly marked out by speakers for holocaust upon the altar of democracy. One was religious, the other was civic freedom.

Nothing was more remote to the mind of Prof. T. V. Smith, of the University of Chicago and State Senator in Illinois, than to deal a blow to religious freedom. Quite on the contrary, he spoke as the champion of religious liberty. The very essence of democracy was respect for the individual conviction, religious or ethical. Democracy, he insisted, was "not a doctrine, but a process of respecting privacy for the sake of individual perfection." What you thought for yourself, was not democracy's affair at all, for the simple reason that what you thought was your own imagination, and had no relevancy to the external conduct of affairs. You might, if you wished, disbelieve in private property. "It is not the Marxist dogma against private property but Communism's against private beliefs that renders impossible any genuinely united front."

In a democracy, however, as I understood Professor Smith, private religious "imagination" or private ethical "imagination" had no right so much as to suggest action in the field of public affairs. American democracy was saved when "piety" was separated from "power," when the individual ceased to invade the state with his own will to perfection. Seriously or whimsically, but logically enough, Mr. Smith concluded that politicians in a democracy should be exempt from any criticism based upon religious or ethical motives. Religion was "worthful but useless, relevant for character but irrelevant for conduct." The value of the politician's contribution to our civilization was wofully unappreciated.

If you deprive religion of any power to realize its teachings as to human relations, you deprive it of the condition necessary for its existence. Communists are enemies of religious freedom because they make a drive upon private beliefs. But they are principally enemies of religious freedom because they attack all social manifestation of those beliefs. And Christianity is essentially a social religion. In

time of persecution a Christian may keep his Faith to himself, and seek to save his soul as best he may, as one in danger of drowning keeps his head above water. But it is not a normal attitude to have most of your body submerged.

Arthur Krock, Washington correspondent of the *New York Times*, expressed the belief, not to anyone's great surprise, that "we shall not cross the threshold of true democracy (as I see it) until the electoral majority registers its will on the government it has selected, and at once." The recent defeat by an "entrenched minority" of the Wages and Hours Bill was alleged by Mr. Krock as a devastating example of what occurs when the will of the majority is not registered "at once." Delay might be tolerated in the matter of the Supreme Court, but not as to the Wages and Hours Bill.

Henry J. Haskell, of the *Kansas City Star*, replied that "delays may have a unifying effect by preventing temporary majorities from running over minorities and by permitting the process of education to go forward," that "the country is so vast and its interests so diversified that important proposals need more study and consideration than they are likely to get." Mr. Krock replied that at this juncture there was no time for the "*usual laissez faire*. That, I think, is why Mr. Roosevelt is pressing for things to be done now." Herbert Agar, in his turn, laid stress on public opinion as he experienced it.

The group that defeated the Wages and Hours Bill may have been entrenched and stubborn. But there are also legitimate minorities, who simply object to being stampeded, who look to constitutional rights as a safeguard. To confuse the two is similar to identifying religious and moral influence on social and political ideals with the scheming of autocratic "theogogues," in Mr. Smith's phrase. If political minorities are roughly dealt with, we cannot expect to be firm in vindicating the rights of racial minorities. And the opposite proposition is true.

What I missed at Williamstown was a clear statement that democracy, as a social system, exists by reason of moral relationships, religiously guaranteed. Democracy implies obligation as it implies freedom. The freedom exists because of the obligations. The one implies the other, and is specified by the other. Or rather both exist because of the essentially ethical nature of man, who must enjoy political and social freedom in order to seek that end to which he is morally obligated.

Man's obligations, as well as his freedom, rest upon his spiritual destiny, and imply belief in a Creator to whom men must answer for their deeds, be these civic or be they private.

The key to freedom is easily lost. If God is forgotten as the Author and End of society, it is irrevocably lost, and democracy with it.

JOHN LAFARGE

LABOR LEGISLATION

PARTICULARLY valuable in the Southampton address of Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler are the paragraphs which recommend joint labor legislation by the Federal Government and by the States. In the opinion of Hugh Johnson failure to take advantage of our dual form of government was the fatal fault of President Roosevelt's first program for industrial recovery.

What is now recommended by observers differing so widely as Dr. Butler and Hugh Johnson was recommended from the outset by this Review. It seemed perfectly obvious to us that it was more profitable to cooperate with the States than to ignore them, or, far worse, to bulldoze them. There was plenty of bulldozing in the early days of NRA, but not much thinking. It was assumed that the ship was sinking and that, consequently, the best thing to do was anything that could be done *at once*. Perhaps this assumption explains why labor was excluded from the groups which formed the labor codes. It may even explain why shortly before the Supreme Court put an end to NRA, the place held by Hugh Johnson was occupied by one of the most unconscionable exploiters of labor in the country.

Dr. Butler points out that in our vast territory, "conditions of population, of climate, of soil and of livelihood are so widely different" that nationwide regimentation of any industry almost inevitably raises more problems than it solves. Theoretically, it should be easy to regulate wages, hours, and production from an office in Washington; practically, such regulation is extremely difficult. Under the first set-up of the NRA it was impossible, not merely because it was barred by the Federal Constitution, but because it was barred by human nature. Men may submit to limitations for the common good if they are consulted in drawing up those limitations, but the same men will rebel when the same limitations are forced upon them. The experience of the Eighteenth Amendment, observes Dr. Butler, should have taught us that much. Apparently, it did not.

The only method that will work is one which joins State with Federal action. That method was rejected in 1933 on the plea that it would take time. By rejecting it we have lost four years. We cannot conclude that such coordination is impossible when we have never tried to secure it. Let us have labor legislation in the States as uniform as is needful, with the Federal Government using its great authority, under the recent constructions of implied Federal powers, to support this legislation, and to cover those parts of the field of labor interests which cannot be reached by the several States.

It is perfectly true that cooperation cannot be secured tomorrow. But it can never be secured as long as we sit back, crying: "Impossible!" Labor legislation by the States as well as by the Federal Government is the legislation which the country as well as labor needs.

COMMUNIST ORGANIZERS

INDICATING his growing sense of responsibility, Homer Martin announces that no Communists will be employed by the United Automobile Workers as organizers. Mr. Martin fears that contracts with the manufacturers will be imperiled by "wild cat" strikes and other Communist tactics. "I have no sympathy with the Communist party," Mr. Martin has announced, "or with its principles." Communists will, however, be allowed to continue as members of the unions. We hope that Mr. Martin will prove able to control them, and strong enough, should he fail, to expel them from the union.

UNFAIR PRACTICES IN P

IN Ohio, as in other States, the citizen pays a varied sales-tax. He pays, for instance, a tax whenever he buys gasoline, cigarettes, clothing or medicine. It is a tax which no one who makes a purchase can escape. A certain part of the proceeds are given to the State Educational Fund which is supposed to distribute equalizing portions to the counties for educational purposes. Last year, the Fund received about \$47,000,000.

The Catholics of Ohio have some 175,000 children in their primary and secondary schools, all educated free of cost to the State. Although here, as in all the States, the support of public schools puts an unjust burden on Catholics, no help has ever been asked from the local school funds. These, of course, although Catholics contribute their part, are allotted to the public schools exclusively. Consequently, Catholics who wish to use their natural and constitutional right to educate their children in schools of their own choice, may do this only after paying a fee to the State. Their exercise of this right penalizes them.

Substantially, this injustice also involves an infringement upon religious freedom, since Catholics are obliged to use schools forbidden them in conscience, or to pay for an exemption. But in Ohio, as in other States in which the burden is equally felt, Catholics have not asked to share in the local school funds. Yet when the State Educational Fund, supported by a special tax, was created by the Legislature, Ohio Catholics felt that their children should

"IF"

REPRESENTATIVE Ramspeck, of Georgia, thinks it would be easy to destroy the "loot system" in Federal appointments, if. . . . That is the trouble with most proposals to establish a real civil-service system in this country: they uniformly come to grief on an "if." The way would be clear, says Mr. Ramspeck, "if" all postmasters were chosen by open competitive examination. That is probably true; at least, it would be a blessed beginning. But postmasterships have always been spoils for plotting politicians. Who will change "if they were not" into a stout "they no longer are"?

ES IN PUBLIC EDUCATION

not be excluded from its benefits. They pay their part of the sales-tax. No merchant ever inquired: "Are you a Catholic?" and receiving an affirmative answer exclaimed: "You don't have to pay this sales-tax for the schools, because Catholic children are forbidden by law to share it."

This general problem is not peculiar to Ohio. American school legislation varies in many details, but all the State codes agree that while the parent of the Catholic child must be taxed for "educational purposes," not one penny can be used in any manner for the education of the Catholic child.

It would seem that the framers of this legislation do not consider Catholics to be citizens, or their children to be future citizens. It is fundamental in every State Constitution that no class must be favored over any other, but in practice, parents who patronize the public schools are given preference over those who do not. It is fundamental in the educational polity of every State that as a future citizen, the child must be aided by the State in acquiring an education fitting him to know and fulfill the duties of citizenship. But no aid may be given the Catholic child. Hence it would appear either that the State does not regard the Catholic child as a future citizen, or that it considers him quite incapable of learning the duties of citizenship.

How long will our non-Catholic fellow-citizens suffer this unfair educational practice to continue?

THE SNARL AT AMBRIDGE

AMBRIDGE, in the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, is a town that hitherto has presented a striking resemblance to Wordsworth's violet by a mossy stone. But no longer is it half-hidden from the eye. A royal battle between those two paladins of labor, the Committee for Industrial Organization and the American Federation of Labor, has dragged it into the center of the stage, and the press has turned on the spot-light.

Incidentally, the battle has thrown a number of men out of work. But we must not forget the first thing to be done when we have the eggs for an omelet. The workers did not lose their jobs because they joined a union. They lost their jobs because they exercised their right to join a union of their choice. Both the A.F.L. and the C.I.O. union claimed that it should have been chosen by all the workers, instead of being subjected to the indignity of a split vote.

The story might have been penned by Lewis Carroll. The National Electric Products Co., a corporation with 1,800 employes and an annual payroll of \$5,000,000, succumbed to the siren song of William Green, and signed a contract with the members of an A.F.L. union. At this a cry went up from Mr. Lewis's C.I.O., and the frightened corporation sought the ruling of the United States District Court.

This court held the contract valid, and ordered the corporation to fulfill it. But the C.I.O. was not to be foiled. It held converse with the National Labor Relations Board, and the Board set the court order aside. It declared the contract with the A.F.L. unions invalid, and dared all and sundry to enforce it.

These conflicting orders have put the corporation in a painful position. Over that we shed no tears. But while the two unions are at each other's throats, and the two Federal authorities are thumbing their noses in mutual contempt, who will pay the workers' wages? No wolf scratches at the doors of Messrs. Green and Lewis. Probably the corporation, the Federal judge, and the N.L.R.B. examiner, never see a wolf except in the zoo. But the worker must have his wages, or he does not eat.

Thus is this corporation ground between the upper and the nether stone. Should it obey the Board, it will be in contempt of the Federal court and of William Green; and that is a dangerous combination. Should it obey the court, it will defy the Board, the Wagner Act, and John L. Lewis; and that, in this day, seems a more dangerous combination.

Further, if it breaks its contract with the A.F.L. unions and obeys the Board, it will have a strike on its hands, along with a boycott of all its wares by the A.F.L. If it honors its contract, it will be picketed by the C.I.O., and likewise boycotted. The National Electric Products Co. is in a pretty pickle. It will be damned if it does, and equally damned if it doesn't.

Who threw this wrench into the works, no one

knows. A little bird hatched in a C.I.O. nest chirps that the capitalists plotted this mess to make the Wagner Act and the Board ridiculous. Some of us see Communists behind every bush, and some see capitalists. In this case, perhaps, the vision of the C.I.O. bird is accurate. But who engineered the snarl is not the important fact in the case. What is significant—and ominous—is the Board's assumption that it can set aside a decree of the United States District Court. If it has that power, then a whole new set of Federal courts has come into existence.

The Board's examiners, if not the Board itself, have uniformly, we believe, disavowed judicial functions. Some have attributed to themselves, "quasi-judicial powers," without defining them. In general, the examiners have in practice considered themselves investigators, not bound by the rules of evidence, free to allow leading questions by the Board's counsel, and to admit hearsay testimony. But in the Ambridge case, for the first time an examiner openly exercised the judicial function by interpreting the meaning of a law. Further, he asserted a judicial authority higher than that which undoubtedly resides in the United States District Court.

In our opinion, these acts are a sheer and most dangerous usurpation of the function and authority of the Federal courts. "It is emphatically the province and the duty of the judicial department to say what the law is," wrote Marshall in *Marbury v. Madison*. "This is the very essence of judicial duty." But the duty of the judicial department "to say what the law is," is a duty which pertains to it exclusively. It cannot be shared by any board created by Congress to give effect to Acts of Congress, or by that board's individual members.

The National Labor Relations Board is not a judicial body. It is an administrative body established to further the execution of the Wagner Act. As such, its chief work is to protect the right of wage-earners to organize freely and to bargain collectively. It is of great importance not only to the worker, but to the whole country, that the Board function smoothly. We fear that it will not long function at all, if it assumes authority not rightly belonging to it.

PRESTIGE OR WAR?

ALREADY the cry has been raised that this Government's failure to protect Americans and American investments in China will constitute "a serious blow to American prestige." The theme is not elaborated. What protection should be extended, is not stated.

For ourselves, we would rather suffer loss of this vague "prestige" than another World War. Americans have been warned to leave China, and the American Government has assisted them to leave. As for the American investments, claims can be filed later.

Any war entanglement would cost us a hundred times the American investment in China. What it would cost us in lives lost and lives ruined is in-

calculable. The President is, apparently, trying to avoid any act that might have the color of intervention by force. The country should support him.

THE CHURCH OF SINNERS

AWAITING death, the condemned criminal sends for the priest. He is not a Catholic, but he has noted that this priest is not like other ministers of religion of whom he has heard. The priest does not pull a long face. He does not tell him he is fuel piled for the burning. He brings him cigarettes, or the baseball scores, or a vivid account of how Slugger Mc-Glue floored the Pride of Greenpoint.

God moves mysteriously to encompass His works of mercy. Often He moves through some little human-hearted act of kindness. Our Ishmaelite has often raised his hand against others. He does not complain when they raise theirs against him. It is all in the game. But when he has lost the game, and the penalty is death, when no one cares about what happens to him, or thinks him worth any consideration, a little kindness touches him. He talks to the priest and the priest not wrapping himself in the austere robes of sanctity, but as man to man, a brother to a brother, talks to him.

This oft-told story need not be repeated at length. Grace enters the criminal's soul, as it snatched from the jaws of Hell the soul of Dismas on the cross. He goes to the scaffold in the firm trust that by the mercy of God, through the saving ministry of the Sacraments, his sins have been forgiven. Thereat, as in tomorrow's Gospel (Saint Matthew, ix, 1—18) the Scribes think evil in their hearts. "That man forgiven! Blasphemy!"

The Catholic Church has always been the refuge of sinners, because that is what her Divine Founder wishes her to be. Like Him, she never tolerates sin; but her love for the sinner, like His, is without bounds. A brilliant public man (and by the mercy of God may he at last come back to Our Lord) once said: "With a mother's heart the Church bends over the sinner, and with infinite tenderness ministers to him, hating the sin, but loving the sinner."

Sunday after Sunday, in Catholic churches throughout the land, human beings gather to adore God. Near our little children, spotless in their innocence, is some poor soul blood-red with sin, yet with the saving remnant of the Faith of childhood. Our Sisters, tired after the week's work in the schools, come "for an extra Mass," and kneel there with pure eyes fixed upon the tabernacle. At their side are foolish girls, painted and powdered, who have not yet realized that the wage of sin is death.

But they are all God's children. For all our loving Saviour poured out His Blood upon Calvary. For them the Church prays; to them she offers the means of grace confided to her keeping by the Redeemer of the world. With infinite patience she bears with her sinful children, hoping that in the end they will turn to Him Who never broke the bruised reed nor quenched the smoking flax.

God be praised! The Catholic Church is always the church of the sinner.

CHRONICLE

THE PRESIDENT. Mr. Roosevelt left Hyde Park September 2, boarded his yacht Potomac for a cruise on Long Island and Block Island Sounds. . . . Declared the President in a Labor Day statement: " . . . The age-old contest between capital and labor has been complicated in recent months through mutual distrust and bitter recrimination. Both sides have made mistakes." . . . A Presidential tour to the Pacific Coast was forecast. . . . The President turned thumbs down on Federal strikes. While regarding it as "natural and logical" that Federal employes should organize, he held that collective bargaining, "as usually understood," cannot be exercised by Federal employes. He views as "unthinkable and intolerable" militant tactics such as strikes by these employes. . . . The President urged Americans in China to depart, warned those who remained they did so at their own risk. . . . Mr. Roosevelt accepted the resignation of Edward F. McGrady as Assistant Secretary of Labor. Mr. McGrady will become director of labor relations for the Radio Corporation of America.

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WASHINGTON. Secretary Morgenthau announced an offering of two per cent five-year Treasury notes and 1½ per cent of fifteen months' notes in exchange for the \$817,483,500 of notes maturing September 15. No sale of securities for cash will be held at that time. Not since June 1934, has a rate of two per cent or higher been quoted on similar securities. . . . Secretary of Labor Perkins said that reluctance to hire workers over forty-five was "threatening our social structure." . . . William Green estimated A. F. of L. membership at 3,600,000. The C.I.O. claimed more than 3,000,000. The greatest membership organized labor ever claimed before was 4,000,000 in 1920. . . . Responding to a question as to the Administration's attitude toward recent German declarations regarding duties of Germans living abroad, Secretary Hull replied that American citizens of German birth as well as all other naturalized citizens are expected to give their full allegiance to the United States. . . . Senator Burke of Nebraska backed Vice-President Garner for the Democratic Presidential nomination in 1940.

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LABOR. In a radio address September 3, John L. Lewis, C.I.O. chieftain, warned President Roosevelt to support the C.I.O. or face the consequences. Said Mr. Lewis: "It ill behooves one who has supped at labor's table and who has been sheltered in labor's house to curse with equal fervor and fine impartiality both labor and its adversaries when they become locked in deadly embrace." "A plague on both your houses," Mr. Roosevelt said was the country's view of both sides in the recent steel-mill

strikes. Mr. Lewis intimated a third party might be formed to chastise those who do not keep faith with labor. William Green, head of the A. F. of L., assailed Lewis for his "autocratic and dictatorial denunciation of President Roosevelt." "The C.I.O. welcomes Communistic support and uses Communistic methods," maintained Mr. Green. Its sit-down strikes "are likely to pave the way to a Fascist dictatorship," he believed. . . . The apparent implication in President Roosevelt's Labor Day message that the Wagner Act needed revision was assailed by John L. Lewis.

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SINO-JAPANESE WAR. Fierce artillery duels, aerial bombings made life in Shanghai hideous. Through the days ambulances carrying wounded civilians clanged along the streets. From Shanghai's Bund, famous thoroughfare, terrified non-combatants could see the war raging over the harbor. . . . Chinese shells from Pootung screamed over the United States flagship, Augusta, and other foreign vessels. . . . Bloody battles continued, with scarcely a pause, along the Woosung-Lotien-Liuho line north of Shanghai. Japan's army, backed by the navy and air force, struck with terrific force, but the Chinese lines fought desperately, refused to break. Japanese reinforcements arriving in a constant stream from the homeland found it difficult and at times impossible to land. On one occasion, eight Japanese troop ships turned, fled down the Whangpoo River to escape Chinese gunfire. At Pootung, across the Whangpoo from Shanghai, Jap efforts to land fresh troops were completely balked. . . . The Japanese blockade was clamped on the entire 2,150 mile Chinese coast line, sole exception being Tsingtao and leased neutral territory. . . . United States, British and French Consuls General requested both Chinese and Japanese to lessen the danger to the International Settlement. Their proposal asked the Jap warships to drop downstream, the Chinese land forces to withdraw eastward from the Pootung side of the river and southward from Yangtzepoo Creek. Observers doubted that the scene of battle would thus be shifted. . . . Widespread air raids by the Japanese marked the invasion. Japanese spokesmen characterized their bombings around Shanghai as "routine work." Hundreds of non-combatants were slaughtered by the Nipponese bombs. In one instance, five Japanese airplanes attacked a train filled with Chinese refugees fleeing from Shanghai. Bombs crashed into every coach, killed 300 men, women and children, wounded 400. "In this war no prisoners are being taken on either side—not even wounded prisoners," a Chinese official privately admitted. . . . In the north, Japanese attempts to smash Chinese resistance in the steep hills west of Peiping produced little results. The Japanese war

machine in North China was strung out over a 200-mile front from the sea near Tientsin to Peiping, along the Peiping-Suiyan Railway to Northern Shansi Province. At Kalgan, Japanese set up a puppet South Chahar Autonomous Government, which declared its independence from China.

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GERMANY. The 1937 National Socialist Congress was opened in Nuremberg September 6 by Chancellor Hitler. This year's congress has been designated "The Congress of Labor." At the Congress, Dr. Alfred Rosenberg told of his profound hostility to the Catholic Church, and everything it stands for. . . . Chancellor Hitler declared it will no longer be possible for anyone to disregard the "community of will" between Germany and Italy. . . . The old marching song, "Victorious we will defeat France," was prohibited by a decree signed by Rudolf Hess, Nazi chieftain. . . . The entire Reich press hailed the impending visit of Premier Mussolini to Germany. . . . Protestant confessional leaders appealed to their congregations to resist the Hitler regime's efforts to dominate the church. . . . In a decree issued by Minister of Education Bernhard Rust, all State scholarships for Catholic theological students were withdrawn. . . . General Goering declared that Jews in Germany would be made to suffer for any boycott of German goods engineered by Jews abroad. . . .

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SPAIN. Nationalist forces pushed on toward Gijon, last Government stronghold on the Bay of Biscay, in the face of desperate resistance from Asturian militiamen. The Asturians made a determined stand at the Sella River, but were forced to retire. Since the capture of Santander, Nationalists have advanced sixty miles westward along the coast toward Gijon. . . . In northeastern Spain, Nationalists reported they had recaptured Belchite, strategic town on the Saragossa front. . . . Dolores Ibarruri, called "La Pasionaria," Communist woman deputy, thanked "Comrade Stalin, brave defender of our cause," for the help Russia has given to the Leftist side. . . . In their Aragon offensive, stopped by the Nationalists, the Leftists lost forty-nine planes, suffered casualties of 20,000. Nationalist headquarters reported.

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EUROPEAN PARLEY. The London Cabinet committed Britain to an international effort to stamp out submarine "piracy" in the Mediterranean, arranged for a gathering of the Powers at Nyon, Switzerland. . . . Russia, in a brusque note to Italy, charged that Italian warships sank Soviet Russian ships in the Eastern Mediterranean, demanded reparation, punishment of guilty parties. Italy rejected the accusations and the Russian demands. The sinking of the Russian ships occurred on August 13 and September 1, at which times no protest was entered. The Russian note was calculated to pin suspicion on Italy, and timed for the eve of the proposed twelve-Power parley planned by England

and France. The purpose of the note was to either prevent Italy from attending the conference at all or, if she did attend, to make her appear in the role of the accused. The fact that Russia did not consult France before issuing the note aroused resentment in Paris. In addition to sabotaging the Anglo-French Nyon parley, the Russian move was designed to distract the attention of Russians from the sound of firing squads recently so busy throughout the Leftist "paradise." . . . To Russia's second note pronouncing the Italian denial unsatisfactory, Italy refused to answer. . . . Once more Italy and Germany executed a joint diplomatic maneuver, by refusing, in practically identical notes, to attend the Nyon conference. They asserted that the Soviet's unproven accusations against Italy created a situation which had not been satisfactorily settled, and that any negotiations could be held better in the London non-intervention committee than in Nyon. The notes also pointed out how lukewarm England and France were to any similar international cooperation when the German ships were being attacked in the Mediterranean. . . . The war scare hit the Exchange, sent prices tumbling.

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FOOTNOTES. After desperate fighting, September 8, Provisional President Felix Paiva of Paraguay was restored to office and the attempt to put exiled former President Franco back in power frustrated. . . . Nicaragua printed a postage stamp which Hondurans claimed showed some of their territory as part of Nicaragua. Nicaraguan authorities refused to withdraw the stamp from circulation. Costa Rica sought to mediate between Nicaragua and Honduras. . . . An official statement declared the Yugoslav Government and the Orthodox Church had come to an agreement, that the Government would not bring its bill for a Concordat with the Vatican before the Senate. . . . The Belgian Chamber exonerated Premier Van Zeeland of charges involving financial irregularities. . . . Philippine women were enfranchised when the National Assembly approved a new election law. . . . The Mexican Government received from the United States warning that Washington will not tolerate the squeezing out of existence of American firms. A new propaganda department employing 1,100 persons, was set up in Mexico City. . . . Archbishop Ruiz y Flores resigned September 3 as Papal Delegate to Mexico. . . . Great Britain dispatched some of her speediest warships to the Mediterranean to combat the "pirate" submarines. . . . British trade unionists supported the huge English rearmament program. The Japanese reply to the British protest over the machine-gunning of its ambassador, Sir Hugh Knatchbull-Hugessen, was pronounced unsatisfactory. The note expressed regret at the wounding of the British ambassador, but said Japan's guilt in the matter was not yet established. . . . Firing squads in Russia were still busy. Ten citizens were shot in Leningrad. Three of them were cooks accused of serving spoiled pork. The Ukraine Premier Lyubchenko saved the squads trouble by committing suicide.

CORRESPONDENCE

IN THE HIGHWAYS

EDITOR: I read with great interest your comment concerning street preaching, as also the communication of John Murphy in your issue of August 21. I write to add: Why stop with theorizing? Why not get going and extend the work of the Catholic Evidence Guild over the length and breadth of the land? Why not establish classes and study clubs with a view of mastering the technique of street-corner preaching? And after speakers have been trained, why not get into action—of course under the strict supervision and direction of the bishop?

If the Divine Master Himself made known His teachings in the public places of cities and towns, on the mountain sides, and on the seashore, is it not commendable for us to do likewise? If the same Divine Master sent the Apostles and the seventy-two Disciples "into every city and place whither He Himself was to come," telling them that "the harvest indeed is great, but the laborers are few," does it not behoove us to follow their footsteps?

Methinks that Protestants show more commendable zeal than Catholics in this kind of missionary work. For instance, right here in Louisville, students from the Presbyterian Seminary regularly hold forth in Lincoln Park—a park that is centrally located and frequented by many people. Protestant ministers regularly preach in the public sanatoriums, hospitals, and even the jail of this city. I suppose if the Catholics would pursue a like course, such a procedure would be so unusual that it would be first-page news in the daily papers.

I trust that the day is not far distant when Catholics will realize that they should teach *religion* not merely *catechetical formulas*, and make known in intelligible language the teachings of Christ in the home, in the school, in church and on the street, and thus effectively do the Master's work.

Louisville, Ky. (REV.) JOSEPH A. NEWMAN

SEX CRIMES AND DRESS

EDITOR: A recent article in your weekly spoke of the sex crimes which are puzzling New York police and those of other large cities, including Detroit. I was particularly impressed by your statement that at a meeting of 1,000 people in Ridgewood, L. I., recently, the police had warned parents that the almost nude children roaming our streets in summer are an invitation to the perverts who are present in any large community to commit these horrible crimes. I believe this to be the truth.

When the little parish school girl, Lillian Gallagher, was so brutally murdered in our city several years ago, it was found that her murderer's apartment was filled with obscene magazines and

pictures of nude women, showing the effect of such pictures on the criminal mind.

On our streets, cars and buses, we see not only little girls in sun suits which are becoming scantier each year but also girls of maturer years. Then we have the women in shorts and a halter who walk through our best residence streets, who drop into grocery stores and sometimes board cars and buses. They seem completely indifferent to the glances given them.

Many of these men may be perfectly clean-minded and decent, but in a large city who is to know whether or not they are the type of pervert whom the sight of near-nudity arouses?

I know that any criticism of the so-called health clothing will arouse indignation from the people who wear it and will bring forth the old gag about reactionaries; the statement that there is nothing wrong in the human body and that only people with filthy minds will see wrong where no wrong is intended. However, such men do not wear blinders in public to protect themselves against the passions aroused by the sight of near nudity.

I have heard sermons on the subject, where some good priest has killed the effect of his appeal by advocating high-neck dresses and long sleeves, and have heard urgent appeals to members of sodalities to do something. But my own personal belief is that this is like trying to move a stone with a feather.

If we wish to correct the extremes of present-day sun suits and sports clothes, I believe we shall have to use a financial threat. If we can make the designers of clothes for summer and Florida wear in winter realize that before long they will be out of jobs because no more than a loin cloth will be fashionable, or if we can make the manufacturers of silks, cottons and woollens realize that even one-half yard added to every garment would increase the output of their factories about twenty-five per cent, the problem would be partially solved.

Propaganda about the health-giving quantities of the sun could also be off-set by equally clever propaganda showing some of the dangers of too much exposure to the sun and by impressing on the young women of to-day that sun tan, to-day, will mean wrinkled and dried up skin at forty. Centuries of experience with the effect of the sun have taught the Arab to wear heavy clothes as a protection against its fiercest rays and I do not believe it is much hotter in Arabia than in most American cities during July and August.

I believe that moral appeals are almost useless. Americans have the herd instinct in clothes more than any other nation in the world. However, if the styles are once changed to make decent bathing suits and sports suits fashionable, the sun-lover of to-day will forget all about her health theories.

Detroit, Mich.

M. L. SEYMOUR

LITERATURE AND ARTS

MUST AN ARTIST STARVE HIMSELF TO FAME?

MAURICE C. FIELDS

HUMANITY loves its facile, third-rate modes of thought, and venerates its shoddy antiquated prejudices. Bernard Shaw has surprised us at this blind worship of traditional shibboleths, and berates us for it in a really brilliant preface to his *Major Barbara*; in the play, itself, he has one of the chief characters say: "That is what is wrong with the world at present. It scraps its obsolete steam engines and dynamos, but it won't scrap its old prejudices and its old moralities and its old religions and its old political constitutions."

One of the most tenaciously revered prejudices of society today is its iron-clad conviction that suffering through starvation makes genius. Films, plays, novels without end have been based upon this erroneous conviction: great genius, or even above-average talent, must struggle and starve itself to an ignominious death. Paradoxically, but concomitant with this and other evil outgrowths of decadent Romanticism and its tosh about self-expression, the very schools inculcate the ambition in children to express individuality, whether there is anything worth expressing or not. In the pursuit of this ideal, many merely average talents rush into the arts to starve themselves to greatness and fame; if neither greatness nor fame is achieved, fortune, if attained, will suffice. The usual outcome is that the majority resort to every means of trickery to obviate the suffering and get the fame and fortune. Art naturally suffers; and society, thereupon, points moralistically to the artist as a reprobate, an egoist, and an out-and-out scoundrel who needs severe discipline. Is it any wonder that artists are driven to compromising their integrity in order to procure the bare necessities of life?

For it is the struggle for existence that is the curse of the artistic temperament. That many triflers employ this excuse to evade responsibilities does not alter the cruel fact that too many of promise are killed off by the severity with which the world has left them to struggle and starve. In a beautiful, logical essay on women in fiction, Virginia Woolf has emphasized the absolute urgency for the possession of an annual income of \$2,500 and a room of one's own for the successful writer;

the income for security, the room for peace. This holds true for men as well as for women, it seems to the present writer.

"How base and materialistic" cries Society, demanding the artist to occupy himself with deracinated beauty and impractical ideals. Only a world drunk with the sentimental dreams of maudlin Romanticism and vapid Victorianism would expect a man to freeze, starve, dodge creditors, and cajole his flint-hearted landlord, and yet manage to look respectable and preoccupy himself with beauty. At present, it is also requisite that the artist should possess a modicum of social consciousness—not enough to become subversively dangerous, however. Society *will not* see how stupidly it forces the artist into the ranks of the rebel; for it persists in maintaining the very conditions that give opportunity for proselytization to the element of malcontents.

Here the horrible question insinuates itself: does society really condemn its Keats, its Blake, its Van Gogh to starvation in order to buy up their art cheaply later? Or is it a sincere lack of the mental ability to understand?

In a recent broadcast, Roy Harris, a contemporary American composer, was reported as having blithely stated that the age of patronage is over. He should have qualified that statement by specifying *private* patronage, since it was a commercial patron that commissioned Mr. Harris' overture "Johnny Comes Marching Home." This new scheme of things will give rise to free competition among artists, it has been said, thus bringing the most worthy compositions to the fore in prize contests. Palpable nonsense! Few masterpieces are ever the victors in contests. Did not Edna St. Vincent Millay's really fine poem, *Renascent*, fail miserably in a nationwide competition for undergraduate poetry? And the idea of artists managing to exist on the nebulous hope of winning erratic contests is obviously idiotic.

Further, commercial patronage of today does not seem to be any practical advance over patronage of the classical periods and earlier. At least, the harassing struggle for a living was obviated under the older system. What would Chaucer have done if he

had been forced to struggle and starve his way to fame? Should we now possess that serene, contemplative, leisured humanity which we relish in his work, or the same muddled, pain-wracked outcries of the later Grub Street Gissing? Would Sir Thomas Browne have been able to write his untrammelled, tranquil, and beautifully exalted dissertations on urn-burial in *Hydriotaphia*, while England writhed in civil war, if he had not been born a gentleman, with all the security which that entailed in his day? "The iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy," he wrote. Still, he was able to escape that iniquity because he could afford the time to express his individuality in *Religio Medici*, unhampered by want. "That marvelous boy," Chatterton, was spared oblivion only through his having played a trick on the literati of his time and so gained fame. He had to die, however, another sacrifice to poverty and the cruel, blind prejudice of society. Strange it is that one who loved him greatly should have met the same fate. Keats was cut down in the leaping splendor of his genius by disease brought on by want and the Romantic Delusion.

To return to music and private patronage, it is piteous to come upon the many names that are followed by the tell-tale mockery of "died in dire poverty and squalor," "starved to death in miserable surroundings" and the like. Mozart, when provided like Haydn with the means of surmounting mundane necessities, adorned every form of music in existence in his day. His music was as spontaneous as sunlight and as gay—even when he lay dying from starvation and neglect; although a thread of subtlest melancholy tinges a minuet or a faultlessly spun aria in an opera. Haydn, of course, is a perfect example of a genius preserved by patronage and given ample scope and leisure for the finest expression. No wonder his works are almost legion and the logical source upon which the greater Beethoven was to draw so heavily in forging a sublimer path—with the aid of various patrons! And what a difference from poor Schubert, whose genius was so stifled by the struggle for life that the full expression of his powers was snapped abruptly off before he had perfected his symphonic technique or even operatic writing. Only a wealth of songs, some chamber-music and seven and a half symphonies, most of them echoes of Mozart and Beethoven, remain to withstand the poppy of oblivion's iniquity.

Gray knew whereof he spoke when he wrote: "Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest." For no Milton could have come of hunger-driven peasant stock. Milton's education was that of a gentleman. His life was never a prey to gnawing fears about his board and lodging. He could travel, he could idle, he could listen to music, he could store up knowledge from which to draw for the greatest epic in the English tongue. He could also afford to serve his country faithfully and diligently with the wide range of energy and knowledge he could bring to bear upon his duties. Gray was able to understand all this when he wrote his famous *Elegy* because he was no dream-drunk Romanticist; Gray was a Classicist and a gentleman.

One has only to think of Blake to feel the utter

waste his life would have been without assistance from his patron, Mr. Butts.

Shakespeare will inevitably be suggested as a refutation of the foregoing evidence—forgetting momentarily that Shakespeare was the first English poet to earn enough money to retire and live like a gentleman—forgetting, too, the important fact that his troupe was patronized by Queen Elizabeth, as well as by Lord Essex and the Lord Chamberlain. Moreover, the poet's great tragi-comedies are products of calm security.

Not that security alone will inspire to genius. In that case Mendelssohn would have become a greater composer than Beethoven and Wagner together. True it is that Mendelssohn had his every wish anticipated by luxurious attention from birth; but it is equally true that his musical endowments were inherently inferior and more limited than the two masters'. He had a gift for melody that made him the most popular composer of his day. In his limited sphere Mendelssohn has exacted the utmost perfection from his talents.

To multiply examples of the victims of the Let-Genius-Starve prejudice would be merely repetitious, even if awful in its implications. It is only reasonable to see that if a man's body is underfed and diseased—if his mind is plagued by petty cares and ceaseless worries—that there can be no freedom for him to live fully and effectively and to express himself adequately. When Virginia Woolf illustrates her point concerning the imperative need for serenity of mind in a writer by a contrast between Jane Austen and Charlotte Brontë, we see only too clearly that a mind or body that protests incessantly against one thing or another cannot become the crystal-clear medium for what has to be said. Such a mind, indeed, often finds itself insufficient to its burdens. How violent a transition it is from Jane's lucid, well-ordered world to Charlotte's turbulent welter of protestations. Jane has quite forgot herself; it is her creations that speak most eloquently for her. Charlotte's is the greater natural genius; but something thwarts her expression of it, making her work uneven in creation and mottled in style.

"When the mind is free, the body's delicate," Lear remarks to his fool. So, too, is the body more sensitive to impressions, more pliant, more efficient an instrument. It is highly significant that Lear's regeneration to soul-maturity comes, not while he's raving mad and suffering beneath the onslaught of the tempest, but after the gentle care of Cordelia has restored him to serenity, to comfort, to security.

FREDERICK PAULDING, R.I.P.

Dr. Frederick Paulding died on September 7, at the age of seventy eight. He was a distinguished actor in his youth, and an ardent Catholic all through his life and of late years lectured extensively in Catholic colleges. Those of us who knew him and loved him will probably remember him best as the gallant old man, half blind, who staggered up to the altar every morning of his life to receive Holy Communion.

CLIMAX

This, only this, could make the tale complete;
Consummate grief demands an irony—
And what could be more likely or more meet
To edge a woe or whet a tragedy
Than this last treason, like the line of fire
That points the blackness of a thunderhead,
When in behind it all the west is red,
Darkening the loom and menace of its ire?
The planets harden in the midnight sky.
Some stars have smouldered out in that broad air,
But the inexorable ages marching by
Make little change. Who is it that comes nigh,
Multiple Judas leading on the spears?
The loved against the lover! Ah, endure
This fiercest press upon the quick of care!
Tempted by silver to this fell ado,
Who fronts You now with mocks and gibes and jeers?
The money-changers? Nay! Not Roman and not Jew!
Ah, close Your eyes! It is the poor, the poor!

EILEEN DUGGAN

MORE VARIATIONS ON A MINOR THEME

THEME

Hark, hark, the dogs do bark,
The beggars are come to town;
Some in rags and some in tags
And some in velvet gown.

FIRST VARIATION: WILLIAM LANGLAND

On a day at dawning, I depe was in dreame,
Wyden had I wended and wearied was of wanderyng,
And as I slumbered and slept and sounded with snoring
Me befell a botheration, a barking methought.
Under my window where I wended with wearinesse
There was a din of dogs, a dithering and crying,
A heap of hounds hollowing and waking the housewives.
Now do the beggars come, bold and bedizened,
In habits as of hooligans, unhallowed and hale;
Some were as ragmen, rude and rare of raiment,
Some vied in velvet, viewing the roadside,
Pleading for a penny, pardie, prouder than prelates.
I shope me in my shroud again; sleepe would not seek
me.

SECOND VARIATION: THOMAS GRAY

Now falls a canine tumult on my ear;
I must start up to see the beggars come.
The humble offering of a sentient tear
I drop for those who know not house nor home.

Who know not soft contentment but who go
Clad in stray tatters of a better day,
Save for one ancient man who foots it slow
In velvet gown whose rents his skin betray.

Let not your hearts be turned against these poor
For in this motley train perchance there be
Bank presidents and brokers whom your door
Would welcome in their old prosperity.

THIRD VARIATION: G. K. CHESTERTON

In rags and tags and tatters the beggars come to town
And some come from the south-east up, some from the
north-west down.

All men's hands are against them, though no man can
explain

The dark doom upon them, the reason for their pain.

The very dogs assail them, the dogs that are man's
friends,

With bark and bite and growl until the night descends;
And no man gives them shelter but they couch upon
the grass

While the Pharisee goes by them and the priest and
levite pass.

For the good man of the Gospel who bound up the
traveler's wound

Is a lone man and a lost man and no more can he be
found

But in that sad procession that winds onward through
the town,

For he walks among the beggars in a tattered, velvet
gown.

These are the sore afflicted that try how saints are made
As they walk the roads of England and are troubled
and afraid;

But no man seeks for sanctity by holding out his hand
To dirty, weary vagabonds who trespass on his land.

Harry them, hound them, hale them, they are your
brothers yet,

They shall rise with you all-glorious when the last,
great hour is set;

Parson or peer or prophet when you dwelt upon the sod,
They shall see you and accuse you at the grand Assize
of God.

J. G. E. HOPKINS

AFTER THIS, OUR EXILE

It's just as dreary out in South Dakota,
It's just as tiresome down in Tennessee;
New habitats don't help us one iota—
You wait and see!

Nor does it matter if or whom one marries,
Despite what's written in romance and rhyme.
Helen, you know, was bored to death with Paris,
After a time.

Our set-up is a permanent nostalgia,
Our peace apportioned to another scene.
Life is a pain without or with neuralgia,
At sixty or sixteen.

If there were any other hope but Heaven,
If joy could flint from any other spark,
Think you, my loved ones, for a moment even,
I'd keep you in the dark?

LEONARD FEENEY

BOOKS

OBSERVER IN THE PENINSULA

SPAIN: A TRAGIC JOURNEY. By F. Theo Rogers. The Macaulay Co. \$2.50

It is impossible to accompany Mr. Rogers on his tragic journey through Spain and to think the same thereafter. His terrifying photostats of Red savagery and hate will both deflate the ardor of Madrid supporters and intensify the loyalty of Franco's friends a hundredfold. The more widely is read this testimony of an accomplished newspaper man with twenty-five years of experience to his credit, one who is *persona grata* to liberal and conservative, and one whose personal integrity and honesty are lauded in spontaneous jacket tributes from Francis Talbot, S.J., Editor of AMERICA, Sir Willmott Lewis, Washington correspondent of the *London Times*, and Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, the more quickly will the tide of American public opinion turn in favor of the Nationalists and against the Red war lords of Moscow in Valencia and Madrid.

With expert marksmanship, the author succeeds in bringing to earth popular misconceptions abroad in America today. By a survey of the aims of General Franco he refutes conclusively the contention of the North American League in Defense of Spanish Democracy and the League Against War and Fascism that the liberator of Spain is a Fascist. He punctures the charge of leading members of the American Labor Party that Madrid is fighting a defensive war for the autonomy of the International Trade Unions against a dictator who would enslave labor.

Protestants in both England and America will be convinced that the main issue of the war is not that of an authoritarian Church versus Spanish individualism. Neither is it merely a factional strife between political parties. Franco, moreover, is not in revolt against a legal or a constitutional government of the people as is evidenced by Franco's own masterly summary of this point as printed on page 166. The author further points out that Franco is not contemplating a dictatorship, nor is he liquidating political enemies after the fashion of a Stalin purge, as a flippant editorial writer in the new *Digest* maintains.

The Church is not at war against the State. Though sophomoric social-service workers and the smart-aleck caption writers of *Life* and *Photo History* continue to prate their lies *ad nauseam*, the war in Spain is not a popular revolt against a decadent, recumbent or reactionary clergy. No such clergy would have yielded a role of over 14,000 martyrs to their Faith. Like surface whirlpools, issues of secondary importance, and these are many, have captured and have held the attention of superficial British and American observers. Yet, and this is the chief contribution of Mr. Rogers, the factual record of Red activities proves that the main, basic, underlying and most important issue of the war in Spain is this:

Spain, *España la Católica*, is fighting gloriously on the Nationalists' side under Generalissimo Francisco Franco for the preservation of its Christian civilization and its national integrity against Spanish anarchists and foreign Communists who would destroy both the Catholic Church and the Spanish State.

Mr. Rogers is convinced of the ultimate triumph of General Franco and under his command and protection envisions for the reader a government of laws and no longer of Red thugs and slugs.

For the travail inseparable from his tragic journey

and for the publication of these data as well as his valuable appendices may the author enjoy the peace of conscience that is virtue's own reward as well as the gratitude of all honest men. THOMAS J. FERNEY

CATHOLICISM, FUNDAMENTALISM AND LIBERALISM

THREE TYPICAL BELIEFS. By Theodore Gerald Soares. University of Chicago Press. \$1.50

This little book by the minister of the Neighborhood Church, Pasadena, California, is an attempt to set side by side the three great "types" of Christianity as they exist today, viz. Catholicism, Protestant Fundamentalism and Liberalism. The book is explanatory not controversial.

The thirty-six page summary of what Catholics believe is very well done and supremely fair. Dr. Soares has tried very hard to understand us. He has gone to Catholic sources for his matter and in the main has succeeded in grasping the Catholic point of view. However, a few misconceptions should be pointed out. In dealing with the Mass the author gives the impression that the Holy Sacrifice is another act of Redemption rather than a continuation of the Sacrifice of Christ. Confession is not just an aid in securing the benefits of the Sacrament of Penance. It is an integral part of that Sacrament. The author also misconstrues in part the purposes of papal infallibility. The Pope is not infallible in order that he may pronounce on new truths which God may wish to reveal. Catholics hold that public revelation ceased with the death of the last Apostle. Nor is it the function of papal infallibility to pronounce on questions which a Council may find too difficult to settle. Finally the pope, in declaring the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, certainly made it clear that he spoke *ex cathedra*.

Dr. Soares is in his own field when he explains the beliefs of the Fundamentalists. The summary is well done. It should be remarked, however, that the unity of faith which exists among the many sects of Protestant Fundamentalism is at best a very loose thing in no way to be compared with the oneness of faith so characteristic of Catholicism.

The chapter on Liberalism would have been clearer had the author bravely announced the fundamental principle underlying Liberalism, namely, the supremacy of the human reason over Divine Revelation and the consequent denial of all supernatural truth. From this natural child of private judgment, as applied to the religion of Christ, the Fundamentalist has always recoiled in horror.

THOMAS H. MOORE

A GREAT M.I.T. PRESIDENT

RICHARD COCKBURN MACLAURIN. By Henry Greenleaf Pearson. The Macmillan Co. \$3

RICHARD Cockburn MacLaurin in the short space of eleven years proved himself one of the greatest presidents of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, a worthy successor of William B. Rogers who, foreseeing the needs of engineering education, founded the institution in Boston in the sixties, and Francis A. Walker who established its reputation for high achievement.

This story of his unusual career has been written by the head of the department of English at the Institute.

MacLaurin was born in Scotland in 1870. When quite young, his family emigrated to New Zealand. Here he began his early education, which he completed at Cambridge, England. He took his degree in mathematics with honors and partly through the influence of his friend, the future general and statesman, Jan Smuts, he also studied law. In 1899 he became a member of the first faculty of the new Victoria University College in Wellington, New Zealand. After a year at Columbia as professor of mathematical physics he was chosen president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1909.

MacLaurin faced a difficult task. He had recently come from the Antipodes with a limited knowledge of American engineering education. The Institute itself was approaching a crisis in its history. It had outgrown its old quarters in Boston. It needed a new plant and an adequate endowment if it was to maintain its leadership. Pearson tells how he purchased a new site and found generous friends. The most munificent of these by far was George Eastman, head of the Eastman Kodak Company of Rochester. The latter, who realized the need of technical men in industry, was much impressed by the young president and his plans. He gave gift after gift until the total reached about \$20,000,000. Spacious buildings were erected in Cambridge on the banks of the Charles River and dedicated in 1916. A new era began with a rapid development in research. After completing his last drive and shortly before he was to make public the name of Eastman his greatest benefactor, till then kept secret, he was stricken and died on January 15, 1920.

The short-lived Harvard-Technology agreement in which he was much interested is described in detail. The book will appeal especially to alumni and others connected with the Institute.

H. M. BROCK

JUSTICE IS THE WISER COURSE

THE RECOVERY PROBLEM IN THE UNITED STATES. *Brookings Institution.* \$4

LITERATURE on recovery seems to pour endlessly from the American presses. This important contribution is a cool study, quite refreshing after one has read the heated partisan outpourings.

Quietly and surely it goes about its task of presenting the factual evidence of the economic changes, "revealing the interacting and ramifying forces at work in the world economy as a whole, with particular reference to their impingement on the economic system of the United States."

The factual matter, gathered and clearly portrayed, gives a splendid opportunity for broad consideration of the economic problem that is and will be ours for many a day.

Then comes a concise review of the program so far. Temporary and permanent reforms are separated; fiscal and monetary stability, international relations and phases of industrial and labor policy are developed and proposed. The favorable factors of more secure financial life, improvement of the balance between industry and agriculture, wages and price relationship, are well set forth. Fiscal stability is a major problem, and its solution does not seem to be too certain. Labor is in a state of unrest, leaving the legislatures, attempting to settle all problems, in the critical position where an unwary turn might force us to start all over again.

This volume would give a background and a secure foundation in the factual evidences of economics and sociology. Possibly with more matter of this type worked out and thoroughly known, the paradox of an "educational system which is at the same time the sole conservator of traditional western culture and singularly inarticulate in expression of all that culture in terms

acceptable to contemporary thought" would no longer be a stumbling block.

The fiscal and monetary problems would seem to be the major problems and there seems to be no indication of thorough reform but only a return to the older methods that certainly bear a large share of the responsibility for the present difficulties. As one reads through this book it seems to be borne out that justice in the long run is the wiser course. We go blithely along focusing our attention on the material side of economics and lack the grasp of realities of life. Unless we can strongly grasp the purpose of why we have economic abilities and these natural resources, we cannot hope but that the consequences of the philosophy of life that brought about the debacle before can but bring us another and a far more devastating panic.

However, it was not the purpose of this book to give a philosophy of life, but simply to portray the factual evidences to be applied by those seeking a solution of the recovery problem who would be guided by a philosophy of life. If some would conclude that economic recovery can come from the material viewpoint alone, they are sadly mistaken. The very book itself seems to cry out that that would be an attempt to lift ourselves by our own bootstraps. Possibly it partially answers the question of how the "sole conservator of Western Culture" can become articulate in the expression of that culture in terms acceptable to contemporary thought.

ARTHUR FALVEY

BOOKS IN BRIEFER REVIEW

THE SONG OF THE WORLD. By Jean Giono. *The Viking Press.* \$2.50

THE author's avowed purpose is to make a story of adventure in which there should be nothing timely. "The present time," he writes, "disgusts me, even to describe. . . . I wanted to make a book with new mountains, a new river, a country, forest, snow, and men all new. . . . I have not had to invent anything at all, not even the people. They exist. . . ." But in this welter of sensuous naturalism and elemental passion, the author, blurred as "one of the giants of modern French letters," succeeds in his aim, to say the best, in pigmy way. Especially with his "new" and "uninvented" people. A queer lot, who, if out of the "horrible mediocrity into which civilization, philosophers, public speakers and gossip have plunged the human race," are for the sake of the rest of the human race, well isolated on the "new river," in the "new mountain." Only one—and that the underside of man is shown. Giono's people have no relation to anything noble or elevating in man—much less to anything supernatural. The song of their world is in too many flats and sung out of key. But the author's power of words is strangely powerful. His is imagery rough, but photographic. His use of the sense of smell (applied on two pages fifteen times to thirty-three widely different objects) becomes tiresome. A "new" kind of story, indeed, but no good.

LIFE WITH MOTHER. By Clarence Day. *Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.* \$2

THE red-headed Days come into their own once again in Clarence Day's posthumous collection of sketches *Life With Mother*. As in *Life With Father*, the book is a record of the rather hectic goings-on of the Day family with a greater amount of emphasis on Mother's contribution to the general fun. Day writes simply and unaffectedly of those incidents so close to him and at no time is he over-sentimental; but always interesting and alive as the family itself. He writes of each incident fully then closes it abruptly like shutting a door upon some pleasant and refreshing memory. Mother is a mirth-provoking and utterly charming creature with a twentieth-century mind in an age when ladies were tol-

erated and admired but certainly never consulted about anything. Life with Mother was a droll and fascinating affair, and those who have followed the career of the Days will chuckle over the latest account of this slightly mad family.

FUNDAMENTAL QUESTIONS OF PHILOSOPHY. By Rev. August Brunner, S.J. B. Herder Book Co. \$2.50

THE book under review is not a compendium of Scholastic philosophy. It might be classified among the treatises called an Introduction to Philosophy, as these for the most part select the more fundamental issues of philosophy. Without any clearly discernible order except the larger one of the sections of philosophy, the author makes a selection of some fundamental questions from each treatise which he considers basic and seminal in the sustenance of truth and the proliferation of error. Thus the establishment of sound principles makes for the refutation of the fundamental errors.

In this way after preliminary chapters on the theory of knowledge and being which are fairly completely treated, there are chapters on Man, Freedom, the Soul, Life, Space and Time, Philosophy of Science, Theodicy and four concluding chapters on Ethics.

The method of approach is novel and arresting and will prove a decided advantage for the untrained, non-philosophical mind, over the stilted stereotyped outlines of the more common thesis form which, whatever its undoubted merits, does not succeed in winning the interest and holding it of many. The style is interesting and the reader's powers are not called upon to make any great sacrifices. On that account it is to be hoped that this useful book will find its way into the hands of our young Catholic inquirers who left school with a very inadequate preparation to refute the errors they constantly run into in their busy days as well as the other many who are attending non-Catholic colleges and universities and are hence deprived of a training in Catholic philosophy.

The book will, of course, be decidedly helpful to the teachers in our Catholic schools and may well become the text for some of the special courses adapted to the special needs or curricula of these institutions. The translation from the German is the work of Doctor Sydney Raemers.

THE YEAR OF OUR LORD. By Emiliana Loehr, O.S.B. P. J. Kenedy and Sons. \$2.75

THIS book very capably presented to devotees of the liturgy is the work of a Benedictine nun of the Abbey of the Holy Cross at Herselle, translated by a Benedictine monk. It is well the work has reached our English readers for, though books on the liturgy and the liturgical year keep increasing, there is assuredly room for a book that is a treasure of so many good things.

While not a meditation book precisely, it provides beautiful rich material on the liturgy of each Sunday of the "ecclesiastical" or liturgical year, especially for those Religious and priests who either by rule, tradition or choice bring their mental prayer in relationship to the liturgy. The appeal of the book is, of course, much wider and it can be heartily recommended to all those who, having entered to some degree the spiritual life of the liturgy, wish to make further progress and open up new vistas.

What the Abbot Marmon did for the chief mysteries of Our Lord's life in his *Christ in His Mysteries*, the author without the copious Scripture citations of the Abbot of Maredsous does for the Sundays of our Lord's year. Its meditative perusal will effect what is the great object of the liturgy, the realization in the reader's soul of the great mystery of Christ and of the Church, the redemptive work of Christ continually enacted in the Church and hence objectively and really in the Church's members, the mystical members of the living, redeeming Christ.

True to the Benedictine tradition, Dame Loehr unfolds the Sunday feasts in the light of the mystery of Christ, thus giving them a unity, continuity and uniformity.

THEATRE

THE SEASON OPENS. The New York theatrical season opened officially at the Center Theatre this month with what the producers (billed as "The Rockefeller Interests") announced as *Virginia: An American Musical Romance*. It is in reality a combination of operetta and revue. Its background is the American Revolution, with a Virginia setting. Its foreground is a ballet that is as large and active and eye-filling as any ballet offered New York in the last decade and its music is modern and exciting.

It does not send us forth from the theatre primed with new knowledge of American history, for ever and anon its slender plot gets lost—probably kicked out of sight for a time by the agile toes of countless ballet girls. But it is gay, melodious, and beautiful to look at; and it contains some songs and dances we may as well like at once, for we shall be hearing them all winter.

Liking them should be easy, for half a dozen of them are highly stimulating. The best to my mind are *My Heart Is Dancing*, and *Meet Me At the Fair*; but there will be differences of opinion about that. In countless homes, young things are strumming on the piano *If You Were Some One Else*, or *Meet Me at the Altar*. In short, one may as well say at once that the music, written by Arthur Schwartz, is the best thing in *Virginia*.

As usual in these romantic musical revues, an immense amount of work has gone into the offering, and the list of collaborators is staggering. In addition to Mr. Schwartz, who justly tops that list, we are given lyrics by Albert Stillman and others, dances arranged by Florence Rogge, a genius at her job, gorgeous settings by Lee Simonson, striking and colorful costumes, and an admirable staging by Leon Leonidoff. Last on the list, and also very justly so, is the book of the production, written by Lawrence Stallings and Owen Davis.

These two are distinguished names in the American theatre world, but there is no avoiding the suspicion that both gentlemen were taking a rest when they prepared the libretto. Or possibly each depended on the other to give the story life and movement. Certainly as it stands it has little of either. Few of us will complain, however, for few expect good plots in musical revues.

The only thing I remember about that plot—and it is only forty-eight hours since I vainly strove to follow it—is that a Drury Lane Company comes from London to a town in Virginia and in some way gets messed up in the Revolution. There is something about spies. Anne Booth, who impersonates the prima donna of the troop, does it amazingly well, and the inevitable "sir-eeen" is Miss Mona Barrie. There is some gorgeous Negro music, the best of it being the unctuous *Send One Angel Down*. One must not forget to mention Vodery's Negro choir, and the Negro pair, John Bubbles and Avis Andrews, who contribute so much dash and go to the performance. All in all, *Virginia* opens the season with a gratifying snap and sparkle.

COMING PLAYS. We are promised at least six additional openings this month: *Honor Bright* at the Ritz, *Blow You Down* at the Forty-sixth Street Theatre, *George and Margaret* at the Morosco, *The Lady has a Heart* at the Longacre and Rachel Crothers' long deferred *Susan and God* at the Plymouth. Gilbert Miller will give us *French Without Tears* at Henry Miller's Theatre, and both *Richard II* and *The Show is On* will reopen. In short, the new season has definitely arrived. Now it remains to see how many postponements we have. A few years ago postponements were considered unpardonable. Now they are numerous and producers take them lightly. Both *Jane Eyre* and *Susan and God* were repeatedly postponed last season, and then finally held over a year.

ELIZABETH JORDAN

FILMS

THE PRISONER OF ZENDA. David Selznick's version of this Anthony Hope novel, the archetype of all mythical kingdom romances on stage and screen, is suitably elegant and lavish. It is an excellently finished production with the graceful unreality of a fairy tale turned political. John Cromwell has let restraint go with the proverbial wind and the action struts in and out of the striking spectacles provided by costume, settings and pageantry as though it were really worthy of belief. Its scenario is the somewhat abridged tale of Rudolph Rassendyll who impersonates his distant cousin, King Rudolph, while the bibulous monarch is in the toils of the traitorous Black Michael. While protecting the throne, he loses his affections to the king's betrothed, but both deception and romance end with the return of the rescued ruler. Ronald Colman, in a dual role, makes one regret the infrequency of his screen appearances by the fascinating quality of his performance. His Rassendyll is not likely to make Hope spring eternal but ought to give this work at least a new lease on life. Madeleine Carroll, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Raymond Massey and C. Aubrey Smith play their roles with broad virtue or villainy as the story demands and add to the merits of the film. It is as delightful as anything Hollywood has ever done in this spirit and is recommended for general patronage. (United Artists)

THAT CERTAIN WOMAN. The wholesale heartbreaking which goes on in this film is tiresome to a degree. It is a typical Warner society drama which mixes advanced goings-on with lush sentimentality and is about as dignified and impressive as a drug store best-seller. The widow of a gangster falls in love with a wealthy young man whose father breaks up their short-lived marriage. Her employer, who introduces the inevitable wife-who-doesn't-understand, is also in love with her. Her husband remarries to placate his family, but when the second wife dies after an accident, a reunion quickly follows. The plot is involved and creaky enough to make its presentation, even by a good cast, tedious. Bette Davis, Henry Fonda, Ian Hunter and Anita Louise manage the important roles. The state of matrimony takes on the look of a checkerboard after a little of this sort of melodramatics and its loss of dignity makes the marital difficulties entailed merely trivial and dull. You can't have your tragedy and cheapen it too. This one is reserved for adults. (Warner)

ANNAPOLIS SALUTE. The traditions of the Naval Academy hover over this slight but pleasantly agreeable story of a midshipman's troubled career. His decision to leave the service in order to marry distresses his father who has always envisioned him as a future admiral. In the end, the young people decide to wait until marriage within service regulations is possible. James Ellison, Marsha Hunt and Harry Carey play with convincing earnestness and the film is fair entertainment for the family circle. (RKO)

SOPHIE LANG GOES WEST. The adventures in crime of Sophie Lang are continued but to no obvious point in this mediocre film. Sophie, jewel thief extraordinary, who is *en route* to the west coast to escape the police, falls in with a colleague and a struggle for the possession of a huge diamond begins. It ends with the stone in their mutual possession, after a third and equally lawless gem fancier has been delivered over to the authorities, and with a further romantic partnership in the offing. The story is done in routine fashion, lacking continuity and offering little excitement and no surprises. Unobjectionable for all. (Paramount)

THOMAS J. FITZMORRIS

EVENTS

AN ITEM sent to this column some months ago by Mr. Al. G. Georgen, of Santa Monica, Calif., gave birth to a theory. The item told how a robber gained access to his victim by pretending to know the latter. "Hello Dutch," shouted the robber in a jovial, intimate tone to a passer-by. Thinking it was some old friend, the passer-by approached the robber, felt a gun in his stomach, passed over his roll, began passing by again. . . . A new gunman technique, we hinted, might be in the making, was probably being tested to discover its possibilities. Further perfections might be looked for, we felt. . . . Mr. Georgen now sends an account from a Los Angeles paper which seems to confirm this theory. A citizen, walking down a dark street, heard a musical voice saying to him: "Hello, dear." Feeling that his grandmother or another relative might be driving by, the citizen walked toward the machine. Two well-dressed burglars emerged from the car with guns, skillfully effected transfer of the citizen's coin and jewelry to their pockets. As the car drove off, the blonde driver used her musical voice once more to bid adieu. "Goodbye, dear," she said. . . . Close students of gunmen behavior pointed out how much the technique had been perfected between the first try-out and the second. "Dear," they revealed, had been substituted for "Dutch," a musical blonde voice for a raspy, bald one. A parting adieu had been introduced into the method to give it more veneer. One similarity running through both try-outs was the removal of the citizens' rolls. Californians were said to be hostile to the idea of having these try-outs.

T. S. Leary, Rehoboth Beach, Delaware, writes as follows: "Dear Parader: A patient was being revived after a very delicate operation. Meanwhile a fire broke out in a nearby building and when it reached serious proportions, the attending physicians drew the shades, cutting off the fire from view. After the patient came to, he asked why the shades were down. 'You see,' the doctor said, 'we were afraid you might think the operation had failed.'" . . . Another letter to the Parader comes from Walter M. Kulash, Massachusetts State College, Amherst, Mass., as follows: "I notice you refer to a spider as an insect. This is incorrect. A spider is a member of the class *Arachnida*, which is characterized by the fact that it possesses eight legs. An insect is a member of the class *Hexapoda* or *Insecta*, possessing six legs and (usually) a pair or two of wings. With best wishes, etc." . . . Few spiders, we feel bound to say, have entered our life. Those that did went out of it so fast we had little opportunity to count their legs. With various individuals listed under the *Hexapoda* class, we have had more contacts. Our face is a bit red, Mr. Kulash. After all, nobody likes to be told he does not know the difference between an *Arachnida* and a *Hexapoda*. . . . To the Parader comes a letter from the Scholastics at the Borromeo, Rome, Italy, giving the ridiculously exaggerated figures of Spanish Red successes compiled from newspapers which publish the Red propaganda. The account, printed in this Review before, shows the Reds capturing Huesca 26 times, Oviedo 28 times, etc. . . . One calculation not yet made would be revealing—the number of women and children killed by the Nationalists according to Red newspaper reports. Our guess is the number would mount up to about fifty million. . . . Frank Canavan, Lake Placid, New York, sends a letter to the Parader, enclosing a printed interview with a lady who loves Russia. "I love Russia," she reveals. "I don't like to hear Russia knocked because I think she is doing a fine job. And I think Stalin is doing remarkable work, too." . . . The interview made Mr. Canavan smile. During the hot days a bit of nonsense like this is welcome.

THE PARADER